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ART. I. — POLEMICS AND IRENICS.

[An Address on Theology, before the Ministerial Conference, at Bedford Street Chapel, Wednesday, May 31, 1854, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.]

HAVING been requested to deliver the Theological Address at this annual meeting of the Ministerial Conference, let me commence by considering some of the theological defects and theological capabilities of our position as a body. If I speak rather of our capabilities than of our defects, it will be because I think our chief want is encouragement. We need faith, hope, courage. We need to see what we are able to do, what are the special advantages of our position. Our open fault is want of zeal; the hidden defect out of which it springs, want of faith in our own ideas.

I believe that we want, as a denomination, faith and hope; that we are for the time being a discouraged denomination. But the want of courage is a great want; the victory which overcomes the world is faith. This is especially the case with a sect holding views which differ from those of the majority. An old system can be carried on by the force of mere routine; but a new one is saved by hope, lives by looking forward and by going forward. When it ceases to be aggressive, hopes for no

new conquest, stands only on the defensive, its power is gone.

Now I see, as I think, some things in our position which may inspire hope. I think that God has something for us to do for the Church and for the world; that, if we are faithful, we may occupy an important position in the Church of Christ. Let me give some of my reasons for this opinion.

In the first place, then, we are an honest denomination. The basis of Unitarianism was honesty. It did not spring up out of a new zeal, out of new religious feelings and emotions, nor from any profound intellectual insight, but from honesty. The early Unitarians were willing to say what a great many others thought, but were afraid to say. While Paley, a man of matchless practical sense and worldly wisdom, taught that it was right for men to sign creeds which they did not believe; Priestley, a man of matchless honesty, abhorring this prudence and in love with truth, gladly accepted the consequences of truth-telling. The scourge of sharp tongues, the rage of the Birmingham rabble, maddened by dark lies, could not shake his solid mind. "Patriot, saint, and sage," (as Coleridge calls him,) he retired calm and pitying, and held fast his integrity at whatever cost. He was no profound philosopher, his system of belief was somewhat bald and cheerless, but he was a true John the Baptist, a genuine pioneer of progress. The work of an exploring party, wading through swamp and stream, and hewing its way through tangled underwood, is not agreeable. But the company which comes some years after, borne along over the same ground, seated in comfortable cars, the wheels of which cannot deviate from their iron track, may well forgive their predecessors if they sometimes lost their way in that wilderness. What Priestley was to us, we are to the rest of the Church. I think we have held fast somewhat to his integrity; I think that we are an honest denomination. We have not pretended to believe what we did not believe. We have professed no more faith than we had. There is nothing of sham about us, nothing of sectarian tactics, no outward show of activity or unity to impose on the world, no pretence of great piety or great solemnity wherewith to make an impression. We have shown the world all our faults, all

our differences among ourselves, confessed our discouragements, admitted frankly our uncertainty and doubt. If not wise as serpents, we have at least been harmless as doves. Now this honesty clears the ground, and the ground must be cleared before it can be planted. A field full of stumps or deadened timber is not as picturesque as the wild forest, nor as cheerful as the cultivated field, but it is necessary as a transition from one to the other, — it is a step onward.

Now that "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, is as true of sects as of individuals. Whoever plants himself on that instinct may be sure that, sooner or later, "the great world will come round to him." We are denounced and abused; the whole Church goes another way, and leaves us, and we think ourselves all alone; but presently we see the leaders of opinion — Coleridge, Moses Stuart, the Beechers, Bushnell, Maurice, Arnold, Morell, Park, and I know not how many more — coming in our direction. Somehow we find ourselves all at once near the head of the procession, when we thought ourselves at the rear. The hunt has come round our way, and we are as likely as any one else to be in at the death.

In fact, some of our seeming discouragements are real advantages. The smallness of the body, for instance, is perhaps no great evil. All depends upon the end you have in view. If you regard your denomination as a tree on which all the birds of the air are to sit, or as a net which is to catch all the fish of the sea, then, of course, its smallness is a bad thing. But if it is the leaven which is to leaven the mass, then there might be too much of it as well as too little. As soon as a denomination grows large, it grows conservative, — it has to consider its denominational interests. Wealth produces timidity always. Wordsworth says truly that riches are akin

"To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death";

and this is true of all sorts of riches. A denomination possessing a great many churches and a great many communicants must necessarily be timid as regards innovation. Such a denomination can never be the pioneer corps of the advancing army, or the forlorn hope in the

attack on error. Now *we* are certainly in no immediate danger of such an *embarras des richesses*; but if our two hundred and fifty churches were all active and strong, and were scattered more equally through the country, they would perhaps be numerous enough for our work. A denomination, therefore, may sometimes be "conveniently small," as well as a political party. It is with the size of the denominations in the Church, as with the number of individuals in a denomination. If some benign power should permit us to choose the multiple with which to multiply each of our leaders, we might wish to multiply such men as the late Dr. Parker of Portsmouth, or the late Henry Ware, Jr., by a hundred, and such a man as the late Bernard Whitman by ten. But Dr. Channing we would not wish to multiply at all, nor Andrews Norton, for one of each is enough for a denomination. So two hundred Unitarian churches are perhaps as good for the Church at large as two thousand.

Another advantage of our position is, that we are confirmed and incorrigible heretics. I wish that some competent person would write an essay on the "Temptations, Dangers, Duties, and Opportunities of a Heretic." It would be an interesting and useful subject. No doubt, to be a heretic exposes one to temptation, and involves mental and moral dangers. But it also furnishes grand opportunities. An avowed heretic is behind the scenes. What is concealed from the orthodox, he hears and knows. Men come to him with their doubts, and he is able thus to throw light into many a perplexed mind. It was not without reason that Jesus chose the rationalist Thomas as one of his Apostles, nor that Providence has permitted in every age the existence of rationalizing and heretical sects. But one of our main advantages, as heretics, is freedom from the care of our reputation. How much time the orthodox lose in avoiding or rebutting the charge of heresy! How the fear of that charge hangs fetters on the freest limb, palsies the boldest tongue! Now we lose no time nor strength in that way. Our Yankees speak of *enjoying* bad health. We enjoy already as bad a reputation as we can. We are already infidels and deists in the popular esteem. The theologians have already prejudiced the public against us as much as possible; and no matter what we say, they

cannot make the matter worse. Thus we are saved from the necessity of watching our own shadow, and can go boldly forward, following truth. Moreover, a little sharp censure is like an advertisement, calling attention to our views. This advantage is so well known, that people for the sake of it sometimes court persecution, and carefully nurse and tend their martyrdoms. Thus the Roman Catholics are obliged to *pet* their only American persecution, the burning of their Charlestown convent, and to keep the ruins thereof, on Mount Benedict, in good repair.

The want of a doctrinal reputation having thus set us free from the influence of other sects, we are also set free as regards each other by the want of a common creed and a combined church organization. For while sects govern each other by their common wish for a good sectarian reputation, they govern themselves by means of their creed and their church organization. As Congregationalists, we are not constrained by a church organization; as Unitarians, we are not governed by a creed. The first freedom we have inherited, the second we have attained; and thus all questions in theology are to us open questions.

As a religious body, we have faith in God, but the ground of that faith is an open question. As a Christian body, we believe in Jesus as our head; but in what way he is our head is an open question. As Protestants, we accept the Scriptures as a source of faith; but all questions which concern the canon of Scripture, its inspiration and authority, are open questions. We neither have nor can have a creed in either of the objectionable uses of a creed; that is, either as a test of Christian character or as a bond of Christian union. For a creed has a threefold use and meaning. Its first use, as a test of Christian character, is to pronounce judgment on individuals in their relations to God and Christ, qualifying some as Christians, others as infidels. A creed, in this use and meaning of it, we should instantly reject, probably with unanimity. A creed in the second sense, as a bond of union, — which shall draw a line round those who may have Christian intercourse together, — may be desired by some among us, but is a manifest impossibility. Make it what you will, it will shut out more than

it will include, and probably would shut out the very persons whom everybody wishes to include ; —

“ For he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has still a sterner task to prove ” ; —

namely, to stem the stream of individualism in our body, and to fetter that free movement which makes every man determined to go his own way. So that there remains as a possibility for us only the third and very innocent use of a creed as a declaration of present opinions, held or supposed to be held by the majority of the body. I may write a sermon or an essay giving an account of the opinions of Unitarians, and it will be doubtless a very innocent affair. I may put it in the form of articles, and it is equally harmless. Half a dozen other gentlemen may accept it as *their* view of the matter, and print it, and still no injury will arise ; for it is still a matter of private opinion ; it binds nobody, excludes nobody, is a test of nothing, and may be rejected to-morrow even by those who accepted it to-day. The statement of opinions put forth last year by the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association was, I suppose, intended in this sense, and as such I can see to it no objection.

No doubt freedom has its disadvantages, and no doubt there are some among us who would therefore wish to dispense with it. There are some Unitarians so afraid of Naturalism that they would give up freedom to escape from it. There are some who, having run to one extreme, follow the oscillatory law of their nature by going presently to the other. There are some who tire of endless seeking, of the labor of thought, of the responsibility of self-direction, and who go to Orthodoxy, to Episcopacy, or to Rome, according as their strength is sufficient for a longer or a shorter journey.

But our advantages of position are manifestly those of freedom. We are suited for progress, for advance ; not to man fortresses, but to lead the van. But this supposes that the Church is in motion, that it is not to remain where it is, either in its opinions, its ritual, or its life. If the Church is to remain permanently in its present form, or if any sect in its present form is to conquer and swal-

low all the rest, then there is not much for us to do. But this is impossible. That the Church is to remain always in its present divided and inefficient state is to disbelieve the promises of Christ, and to distrust the providence of God. How, for instance, can the Roman Church conquer Protestantism in the nineteenth century, when it could not hold its own in the sixteenth? And how can any one form of Protestantism conquer the rest, when each has its root in some special tendency or instinct of the human soul which the rest cannot satisfy? The nature of man, the instincts of the human soul, the unappeasable appetites of the mind and heart, forbid that we should either stay where we are or go backward. Therefore the only alternative for the Church is to go forward to a higher ground, to a larger synthesis, a richer life, a fuller activity, a grander union. And this must be preceded by new creeds and new ideas. Deeper thought must precede larger action. There is, then, a pioneer work still to be done in theology, — unapproached problems to be examined, and old problems to be re-examined.

Let us take a survey of this domain, glancing at some of these problems which need to be examined, or to be re-examined. We shall find that there is no department of theology which is not in motion; nothing scientifically and permanently ascertained; that there is a current of thought setting it all forward. We are not therefore called upon to do this great work of theological reform alone, or by main strength, and by the power of mere intellect. If we were, we might well despair. No great work of any kind is ever done so. There is a Divine power behind all human thought and action, setting forward the currents of human opinion; and we have only to suffer our minds to be borne forward without haste or rest, by that Divine Providence. Then the thoughts which come to us will come also to others. Without rashness on the one hand, or fear on the other, following the leadings of Providence, we shall find all things working together for good in the sphere of thought no less than in that of action.

And now I will consider with you, during the remainder of this address, the tendency of this Theology of the Future, and the form which some of its special problems will probably assume.

In one word, I would call past theology Polemic Theology, or War Theology; future theology I would call Irenic Theology, or Peace Theology.

For there is a certain process in human thought, a certain law by which it advances, which made it natural and necessary that the Polemic Theology should precede the Irenic in the historic development of Church doctrines. According to this law, first comes the THESIS, then the ANTITHESIS, and lastly the SYNTHESIS, or Reconciliation. The Christian intellect — earnest, honest, but limited and narrow — sees first the most obvious view of truth which presents itself. This constitutes the Thesis, — the positive view, the ground position in theology. This Thesis contains truth, but only one side of truth. At first it delights by its clearness, afterwards it dissatisfies by its narrowness. A want is felt, unsupplied by this view, and the opposite and antagonist elements of truth call for their rights. These assert themselves as the Antithesis, and almost necessarily in the way of opposition, contradiction, battle. The Thesis has possession of the ground, and claims the whole as its own; the Antithesis has therefore to fight for a place. Hence the great struggles in the Church, between the Trinity and Unity, Arianism and Sabellianism, Augustinianism and Pelagianism, Calvinism and Arminianism, Naturalism and Supernaturalism, Universalism and Partialism, the Catholic and the Protestant Church-systems. The theology of the Church has thus far been a polemic theology, originating in the heat of controversy. But if we believe in a Providence which rules the world of mind as fully as that of matter, we must suppose these antitheses to be moving forward toward a reconciliation in a higher synthesis. It were atheism of the worst kind to doubt it. To believe that all is left to accident and caprice in the world of thought, while in the world of sense not a sparrow falls without the Father, — that he numbers the hairs on the head, careless of the thoughts within, — is a very godless theory of human opinions, and one to which thoughtful men cannot easily subscribe.

But what will be the nature of this Irenic or Peace Theology? — what the character of the Syntheses which are to reconcile present antagonisms?

Peace Theology will be founded on the conviction that

every system which has been widely received and long retained must have within it a kernel of truth ; that men gravitate toward truth, not toward error ; that the error in a system comes rather from its omissions than its assertions ; that what is seen and said has truth in it ; that falsehood is mostly to be found, therefore, on the negative, and not on the positive, side of a system. But this Peace Theology will not be a neutral theology, — not weak, undecided, or shifting, — not a yes and no theology, which knows not what it would say, — not a medley of opinions taken from all quarters. But it will be a high, over-looking theology, which finds truth, not in the middle, but on both sides ; which is fed out of the large resources of a deep Christian experience, a wide observation of men, and a generous faith in human nature. The Peace thus founded will be deep and lasting ; not a compromise, but the joyful concord of different yet harmonious convictions.

Antecedent to all questions in theology is the question of the nature of theology itself. Here the conflict is between the dogmatist on the one side and the sceptic on the other. The first sees the immense importance of truth, but confounds the truth which he sees and feels with his own imperfect verbal statements of it, and so becomes necessarily a bigot. The other, revolting from these narrow statements, rejects all positive opinion, and makes his religion a matter of mere feeling or external action. The synthesis which shall reconcile this conflict will, I think, be found in the distinction between Religion and Theology, between Faith and Belief, between the internal conviction and the formal expression of it. This distinction, which is now becoming clear to most thoughtful minds, will enable men to place Theology where it belongs, as a progressive science, with a fixed substance but a varying form. This being recognized, men will neither fight for the letter nor doubt of the spirit ; will neither dogmatize nor despair ; will be fixed in central truth, yet move freely through the phases of advancing and enlarging knowledge.

I. The nature of theology being thus ascertained, the first great question of theology comes, concerning the evidence of the Divine Existence. Here, while the *Theist* asserts the existence of God, the *Atheist* denies the

evidence of it; and because he can find no proof which completely satisfies his intellect, he thinks himself bound to deny the fact itself. But perhaps this controversy may be reconciled when it is seen that the *knowledge of God* is one thing, and the *proof* of the Divine existence quite a different thing. And, strange as it may seem, the past has given us no satisfactory results on this fundamental question. Four of the greatest thinkers the world has known — Anselm, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz — have professed themselves satisfied with the ontological proof of the Divine existence. But Kant pronounces this to be unsatisfactory, for reasons to which most thinkers now assent. But Kant's own proof, drawn from the moral nature of man, has given as little satisfaction. Dr. Clarke's argument from Necessary Existence has had no better success. The deepest thinkers have found fault with the argument for design drawn from the adaptations of the outward universe. Theology, therefore, has not yet furnished us with any proof of its fundamental proposition which theologians themselves will generally admit to be satisfactory. But this very failure prepares the way for a better success, showing us that God exists to us, not as we think, but as we live; that our faith in God is not a belief based upon arguments, but a knowledge wrought out of action. Theology is to show us that the pure in heart see God; that the righteous man dedicating life to his service, the martyr dying for his truth, the soul flying to him in prayer, the Indian mother calling to the great Everywhere to save her drowning child, — that these know God. Theology will thus base itself, not on dead speculation, but on living intuition and experience, on man's nature in its healthy exercise. The knowledge of God, it is to be seen, comes not *to* us, but *out* of us; not from without, but from within. One of our leading theologians has said: "We must start in religion from our own souls. In these is the fountain of all divine truth. The only God whom our thoughts can rest on, and our hearts can cling to, and our consciences can recognize, is the God whose image dwells in our own souls. The grand ideas of Power, Reason, Wisdom, Love, Rectitude, Holiness, Blessedness, that is, of all God's attributes, come from within, from the action of our own spiritual nature."

This statement of Dr. Channing makes the existence of God something to be known by the action of the soul itself, that is, an *Experience*. It is this view which is to become the basis of theology, and to overthrow both speculative and practical atheism.

II. Next to the question of the Divine Being comes that of Divine Revelation. And here, also, theology is moving forward. That she has as yet by no means uttered her last word on this subject appears from the disputes, as yet unreconciled, between the advocates of Natural and Supernatural Revelation. One class contends that all kinds of Divine Revelation are strictly natural, and identical with each other; that all proceed according to law, and without miracles; and that the revelation in Christ was the same in kind with the revelation in Socrates. The others distinguish Natural from Revealed Religion to such an extent as to make the first *no* revelation, and to make the second not only supernatural, but unnatural. But the best theology of our time seeks to reconcile the truths of Naturalism with those of Supernaturalism. It distinguishes God's revelations without dividing them, — shows that God speaks to us, not the same word, but different words, in Nature, in Christ, and in the Soul. It also shows that these revelations are in harmony and not in conflict with each other; that each is needed to complete the others. It accepts NATURE as a revelation of God; but as the God of the race rather than of the individual, God as a bountiful order rather than as a personal friend. In CHRIST, again, it finds the Personal God, acting according to freedom as well as according to law, — able, therefore, to pardon the sinner, to answer prayer, and to meet the occasions of Time by new incursions of a higher life out of Eternity. These incursions are miracles, which are not arbitrary nor lawless phenomena, but openings into a higher world, glimpses of a higher order. So, again, God reveals himself in the SOUL, adding greatly to the knowledge which we have of him through Nature and through Christ, — adding to it, but not setting it aside. And hence results the true doctrine of the TRINITY, as a threefold manifestation of God, a doctrine rooted in the nature of things, and which, when truly understood, will be the foundation of union; as hitherto, in its false form, it has been the source of division.

III. Christianity being thus accepted as one of the three great revelations of God, the next question which arises regards its SOURCES. Where are we to find Christ? Here, again, are several distinct and opposing answers which theology is to reconcile. The Churchman answers, "In the Church"; the Protestant says, "In the Scriptures"; the man of piety replies, "In Religious Experience"; and the Rationalist answers, "In the Reason."

Protestant theology must reconsider its famous statement, that the Scriptures are the only rule of faith and practice. This is a polemic statement, rising as an antithesis to the Roman Catholic statement that the CHURCH and the Scriptures are the rule of faith; and, like all other polemic statements, it is a half-truth, not a whole one. For what does it mean? That the Scriptures are the only source of our knowledge of Christ and Christianity? But this is not true. The Scriptures themselves speak of another source, namely, the Holy Spirit. Jesus declares that this is to lead us into all truth. But this Holy Spirit, which is the source of the authority of the New Testament writers, is not limited to those writers, but is given to all Christians. The truth which is in the New Testament cannot be understood deeply, except by a similar experience in our own hearts, for spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned. Christian experience, therefore, in individuals, and in the combination of individuals which composes the Church, is a source of Christian knowledge no less than the Scriptures.

But the Protestant statement may imply that the Scripture is the only rule of faith in the sense of its being the final judge and arbiter of faith, meaning that, where there is a conflict, the final appeal is to the Scripture. But the question still remains, Who is to decide what the Scripture teaches? Admitting that, when the sense of Scripture in regard to any disputed point is ascertained, it is authoritative, the question still comes, Who is to ascertain it? The Scripture is not a judge, but a law. For a judge, we need, not a book, but a man,—a living tribunal which can meet the present question. This living tribunal must be either the Church or the individual; and the last decision must be

given either by the tribunals of the Church in its corporate capacity, or by the private judgment of the individual. Now, though Protestants assert in theory the right of private judgment, in practice they wholly renounce it. If a member of any Protestant church exercises the right of private judgment, and declares that the Scriptures do not teach the Trinity, or the Deity of Christ, he is excommunicated. And even among Unitarians, if a man professing to be a Christian, in the exercise of private judgment, denies the miracles, he is virtually excommunicated. Such are the inconsistencies of Protestantism, showing that its famous statement concerning the Scripture needs to be revised. The result of this revision will probably be that we shall receive the Scripture, Christian Experience, and the Faith of the Church, as coördinate SOURCES of Christian truth, and Private Reason or Judgment as the ultimate judge of Christian truth. That is, in seeking for truth we are to go to the Scripture, to our own Christian experience, and to the faith of the Church, as the three sources of knowledge. In deciding what these say, each man must finally use his own judgment, or reason. Thus Protestants will concede to Catholics that the Church is an authority as well as the Scripture, as a source of truth. Catholics will concede to Protestants, and Protestants to each other, that individual reason or private judgment is the final judge of truth. The Protestants will not concede too much in conceding this, for opinions which have been widely held and long retained must contain within them some important truth; that is, they are sources of truth. They are *placers* where gold is to be found, though perhaps mixed with earth and stone. Nor will the Catholic concede too much in granting private judgment, for it is a law of human nature, that, if men believe at all, they must believe with their own minds. Where private judgment ends, there individual belief ends also. The authority of the Church may cause men to assent, but cannot cause them to believe. It can prevent them from expressing their opinions, it may induce them to acquiesce in its own, but this is all. This is evidently only conformity, not conviction.

IV. The sources and standard of truth being determined, the next question concerns the Substance of Truth,

or the Doctrines of Christianity. Here the great controversy is between that general scheme of Orthodoxy, which we may call for convenience Calvinism, — since its culminating point and most logical expression is in Calvin's Institutes, — and those schemes of Heresy which we may call for convenience Unitarianism.

Now to me, as a Unitarian, it has long been manifest that Calvinism contained some most important truths, and that these must be seen, known, and extricated by theology, so that we may accept them before we shall ever be able to conquer Calvinism. Calvinism, as a whole, I reject, for its false views of God and of men; but its essential truths I feel to be profoundly needed for a full Christian development and a thorough Christian experience. What are they?

The essential truths of Calvinism I hold to be these: —

1. It asserts the necessity of a radical change in man before he can be capable of happiness, of holiness, or of usefulness. It asserts that mere development is not enough, that conversion is necessary; — that depravity is to be rooted out, as well as good taken in; — that education is not enough, that inner transformation is necessary, — a change of motive, a change of aim, a change of heart; — and that we cannot do this alone, or apart from God; that we must be depending on God, in order to draw in this new life, and that this life flows from God into the soul, — is not pumped up by our own manual labor out of any well within the heart, but descends, shower like, from the heavens.

In this statement, I conceive, is contained all that is essential in the Orthodox doctrines of Depravity, Regeneration, and Divine Influence. Total Depravity means only this, — that until we turn round, and walk in the right way, we are going wholly wrong; that until we act from a really generous and conscientious motive, instead of a selfish one, all our conduct is tainted with evil: and that is true. Hereditary Depravity means essentially this, — that we are born into a stream of impure and corrupt life; that the inward organization is tainted by the results of past ancestral sins; that outward influences, the atmosphere of thought and feeling which surrounds us, the social life and thought which feeds our mind and heart, are tainted by evil examples and habits: and that

is true. Regeneration means essentially that, beside an outward change of conduct, an inward change of motive is necessary ; that we must not only begin to do what is right from conscience, but love what is right, and enjoy doing it. And Divine Influence means that this new love must be poured into the heart by God, in answer to the sincere prayer of one who hungers and thirsts after goodness. And all this seems to me to be profoundly true.

2. Secondly, Calvinism, or Orthodoxy, asserts the possibility of this radical change by means of what Christ has done and suffered. It asserts that every obstacle, outward and inward, in the way of our becoming filled with love, peace, light, has been abolished by the work of Christ ; that every wall separating us from God, separating us from men, has been thrown down in Jesus Christ ; that his life and death have redeemed us, first from the guilt, and secondly from the power, of sin.

In this statement I find all that is essential in the Orthodox doctrine of Atonement. Disputing with Unitarians, the Orthodox assert more to be necessary. Discussing among themselves and attempting to reconcile their own differences, they are unable to take a single step beyond this.

And this I hold to be true. Christ has made satisfaction, that is, he has done enough. He has removed the obstacles, whatever they are. The practical faith in the Atonement is to believe that the obstacles are removed by Christ ; that the way to God is open ; that we can have pardon, peace, bliss, and holiness, no matter how sinful and impure we have been. When we can believe this, we believe the Atonement.

3. And thirdly, Orthodoxy asserts the union of the human and the divine in Christ ; asserts that in him God was man, and man God ; asserts that the fulness of the Divine nature was in him, and that thus he is the King of the world, the Head of the human family, the central figure of all human history.

In this statement I find all that is essential in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, and of the Trinity, so far forth as based on it. Many of the Orthodox themselves would admit this to be an exhaustive statement of their doctrine.

And this statement, also, I find to be true. Christ I believe to have been the providential man, selected before all worlds, in the Divine decree, to be thus united intimately with God, and become a partaker of the Divine nature. Thus he is a manifestation of our Father; of the personal, loving Father, of the pardoning, life-giving Father, who draws us all up to himself in a tender embrace of love. This Father we see manifest in the Son; and the awful infinity and eternity, the terrible order of the universe, is changed into a friend in the face of Jesus. God takes personality in Christ. I am not a Pantheist. I believe in the personality of God because I believe in Christ. He who has seen him has seen the Father.

Here are the three essential doctrines of Orthodoxy. First, the Depravity of Man, making a true conversion necessary. Second, the Atonement, or the work of Christ, making this conversion possible. Third, the Deity in Christ, or God manifest in the flesh.

But if these are the essentials of Orthodoxy, and if these are all true, why was Unitarianism necessary, and in what sense can Unitarianism be a growth, a reform, and a system of truth also?

The essential thing in *Unitarianism* is, that it is the antithesis to Orthodoxy, — that it states another side of truth, and a side which had been omitted by Orthodoxy.

For the philosophy of progress in human opinion is as we have seen. The falsehood of all great systems of opinion is not in what they assert, but in what they deny or omit to assert. The mind of man is so made, that it sees and loves truth. Truth attracts it, and truth only. If it accepts error, it is for the sake of some truth mingled with it. But the mind of man is also narrow; it knows in part, and teaches only in part. It sees one side of truth; and thus a great system, like Calvinism, is accepted and earnestly believed because of the truth which it contains, which is found to be food and strength to the soul. But after a while its deficiencies come to be felt. It is found to be narrow, to be insufficient to supply all the wants of the soul. A hunger for something else arises; the long-stifled appetite can no longer be resisted; the want, long left unfilled, can no longer be neglected; and then there comes up another system, adapted to feed and satisfy this side of man's nature.

It was in this way that Unitarianism came. The thesis of Orthodoxy had omitted certain truths, and this omission, this negation, was the cause of the new movement forward. The attraction of a new truth, vaguely seen, but felt to be the thing needed, draws the minds of men onward, till it takes form in some leading minds, and then becomes the banner of a new reform.

Now Calvinism, in its strong statement of human depravity, omitted to state human capacity; in stating the sinfulness of man's nature, it omitted the goodness of man's nature. In demanding conversion, it neglected progress. In calling for a new life, it omitted *growth*, or development of that life. In stating that Christ was the only Atonement, it omitted the preparation for Christ in reason, nature, moral effort, and the beautiful tendencies of the original soul. In asserting the divinity of Jesus, it did not assert the divinity of humanity and the soul. In saying that God was in Christ, it forgot to say that God was also manifest in nature and the human soul. But God is in nature and the soul, and these are also revelations of Him. When these revelations were ignored and passed over, it became a necessity that there should be a movement to assert them.

For it follows of necessity that Calvinism, not recognizing God in nature or in the soul, takes religion out of the sphere of morality and into that of piety. Religion is divorced from morality, faith from works, revelation from reason. Hence its power to reform the world is crippled; hence it is thought man's business to save his own soul, and not to do good to his fellow-man. Hence social sins and wrongs and evils are suffered to remain unbuked. Hence war and slavery and intemperance and debauchery have become part of the established institutions of Christian nations. All these things are considered to have nothing to do with the Gospel, nor the Gospel with them. And so it happens to-day, that if a man in the pulpit attacks these wrongs, and seeks to show their unchristian character, he is told that his business is to "preach the Gospel," and not to meddle with such matters. And thus only can it be explained, that all the Orthodox denominations in the land, with scarcely an exception, are at the South avowed defenders of slavery, and at the North silent and quiet in relation to it.

Hence Unitarianism; which is essentially the assertion of that which is divine in nature and man, and that the office of Christ is to save the soul in this world no less than in the other. Not that Unitarianism saw, or sees, all the work it is destined to do. No reform ever does see its own destiny, as no prophet can foretell his own fate. "Had I known," said Luther, "what I should have had to do, ten horses should not have dragged me to preaching the Reformation."

But why should Unitarianism spring up just *here*, and not in other places? It came *here* as a part of the Church, as a movement within the Church, because here the principles of Puritan freedom and Congregational independence made it possible. Elsewhere it has come up, but as a silent protest outside of the Church, and has been classed with worldly and irreligious tendencies. But here it was able to take form as a distinct religious protest, and so became a new denominational movement.

But Unitarianism, having to contend against a great and powerful organization, was obliged, not merely to attack doctrines, but to announce principles. By the grandeur of the principles which it declared, it was able to awaken an interest and enthusiasm. The breadth of the principle concealed the narrowness of the party.

And what are its essential principles?

1. First, that the test of true Christianity is *LIFE*, and not *CREEDS*. By this principle we unite all hearts who love the spirit better than the form, the essence better than the accident. The mere logical theologian will contend for his creed, but the spiritual Christian feels that there is something deeper and better.

2. Secondly, that Christianity is Rational, and thirdly, that it is Progressive. On the basis of Progress we contend against every attempt to limit and restrain inquiry. On the basis of Reason we contend against everything unintelligible, contradictory, and opposed to the instincts of the soul. So we have these three principles:—

Life, and not Creeds, the essence of Christianity;

Christianity a Reasonable Religion;

Christianity a Progressive Religion.

Standing on this basis of principle, we protested against the Scholastic theology, embalmed in the creeds

of the churches. We criticized the Trinity, the Vicarious Atonement, the doctrines of Election, Depravity, and Everlasting Punishment, and those criticisms remain in a great measure unanswered and unanswerable. And this protest has caused the creeds to be greatly modified.

But while this is doing, another movement arises among us. It seems that Unitarianism, too, has its defects. It has omitted certain truths, and this omission has made a third doctrinal movement inevitable. The TRANSCENDENTAL-REFORMATORY movement has come up here, and has taken form in a religious body, the child of Unitarianism, just as Unitarianism was the child of Orthodoxy.

What did Unitarianism omit in its statements. It was everywhere too negative, too critical, too much a system for the understanding, too little a system for the deeper heart. In its piety and its morality it has been equally narrow. It has too much denied the mysterious and incomprehensible; it has too often omitted the communion of the soul with God; and therefore it has been wanting in that deeper enthusiasm growing out of mysterious spiritual experiences. It has made religion too much a matter of expediency, prudence, calculation.

The principles of Unitarianism are positive and real; but the doctrines of Unitarianism are all too negative. Its own doctrines are not fully and forcibly brought out. It is too much a mitigated Orthodoxy. But every denomination, in order to live and advance, must have its own positive view of truth. This is the only justification of its existence as an independent body.

Has Unitarianism such a scheme of positive doctrine? It has, — developed imperfectly, and with not sufficient sharpness, in all its pulpits and writings. It only needs a sharp, clear theological development to make it a system supplementary to Orthodoxy; and in doing this, it would also take back into itself the Transcendental movement.

I can merely hint at this now; a full statement demands a volume. But these are parts of the positive doctrine which is to be developed: —

If man's actual condition involves hereditary and total depravity, his capacity is divine. There is in man's nature, in every man's nature, the seed of an infinite good.

Hence, while he is to be deeply humble in view of actual evil, he is to be greatly hopeful in view of his capacity.

This view has been developed by Dr. Channing, and it is the logical basis of human brotherhood and of all reform movements. It contains in itself the abolition of war, slavery, pauperism, the reform of criminals, and all the means for the suppression of social vices. The secret of the whole is, to regard every man as a true brother on account of the divine capacity now within him, and to treat him as such.

This is the first point of *positive Unitarian theology*.

The next is, Christ the Man, the Divine Man, — not only the fulness of Godhead, but the fulness of manhood; the type of the race, the prophecy of its future in all things, the first-born of many brethren.

Was he one with God? So shall we all be. Did he work miracles? So shall we all. Did he overcome evil with good? Did he reconcile the world to his Father? So shall we; that shall be our work also.

Did he read the future? Did he understand the present? Is he the Judge of the world? Did he rise on the third day? Did he ascend to heaven, and sit on God's right hand, and yet continue near to the world, advancing the cause of truth and love? In all these things he is our true precursor, elder brother, head. We are to follow him in the regeneration, to be made like him, to be one with God and him, to be filled with the fulness of God, to be partakers of the Divine nature.

Again, the work of Christ is to introduce heaven here, — heaven here first, immortality here first, — and that heaven to consist in love. Not to save the soul into a future heaven, but to save it out of selfishness and sin into life and love. This is the work of Christ.

Now, in making these statements of Unitarianism, I have stated all that is essential also, in my opinion, in the Transcendental movement. Its negations are not its essential part. Its denial of miracles, of the supernatural element in the life of Jesus, of the depravity of man, — these are not the things for which it is received and loved. No, but for its positive side, its claim of a present inspiration, its noble protest against all wrong done to man by man, its true Christian democracy, — these constitute its power. Its power is not in its INFIDELITY, but in its

FIDELITY. And there is nothing on its positive side which cannot and ought not to be accepted by the whole Unitarian body.

Thus our work, Christian friends, ministers of Jesus, brother students, opens before us. It is a great and noble work, a work to be done in thought and in action. Our business is the things which make for peace, and things by which we may build up each other. Let us leave to others all destructive controversy. Let us, while we criticize with the utmost freedom, always make criticism subservient to a practical Gospel, negation subordinate to position, denial to assertion. Let us be builders, reconcilers, mediators in the Christian brotherhood. God is with us, and a great field, white for the harvest, before us. If we are faithful to these great opportunities, we shall doubtless come rejoicing, and our sheaves with us. For we have great allies, in human instincts, human reason, the hunger of the immortal soul, the spirit of the age, and the great course and current of Divine Providence.

Pardon me for detaining you so long. Pardon me the imperfections of this statement. Accept it as a brother's contribution to the studies dear to us all; and may these hints be soon forgotten in the advancing light and increasing activity of our body in all good thoughts, words, and works.

[NOTE. — In the discussion which followed the delivery of the foregoing address, certain charges were urged against its contents and its form. It was accused of eclecticism, of being on "all sides of all questions," of vagueness and "mystical phraseology," of error in undervaluing the arguments for the being of God, and in declaring the main argument for the personality of God to be derived from the revelation of God in Christ. Also, I was charged with injustice toward Unitarianism in calling it a negative system.

A few words of explanation on these points, therefore, may not be inappropriate here.

The charge of being on "all sides of all questions," I should be glad to admit, if this were so; for, believing that there is some truth on all sides, I should rejoice in being able to discover it and receive it. But this requires the efforts, not of one, but of many minds. I therefore accept this charge as a proof that

my desire of seeing the truths in all systems has been recognized.

The charge of eclecticism, as it was urged and explained, I deny. It was said, that, instead of going to the Gospel to find the truth, I recommended going to different sects, and taking from each whatever opinion seemed agreeable. I recognize the living Church, in all its branches, as the best interpreter of the Gospel. Having taken from the New Testament that which can be seen by my own narrow judgment, and which suits my own peculiar mind, I go to the Christian Church, to find in each part the truths which I have not been able to discover for myself in the Gospel. Each denomination, each party in the Church, may teach me something. I do not go to them to pick and cull, but to receive whatever truth God has given them to say to me. This is a very different thing from eclecticism.

The charge of vagueness and mysticism I leave to be confuted or established by the address itself.

I recognize the great difficulty connected with the discussion of the evidences of the Divine Being and Existence. I mean here simply to assert that the fact of the Divine Being does not belong to probabilities, but to certainties. It is not something to be proved, but something to be known. The foundation of this knowledge is in ourselves, but it is by experience that it grows into certainty.

I believe that, without the revelation of Jesus, the belief in God tends either to Polytheism or to Pantheism. The Jews were Monotheists by means of what was to them a standing revelation of a Personal Will, and they only retained a conviction of a Divine Personality by faith in a succession of arbitrary acts. God was to them *out* of nature. But we are able to recognize fully the Divine immanence in nature, and also the personality of God by means of the full personality of Christ, who is in this respect the image of God.

I believe that the objectionable negations of Unitarianism have consisted in their seeming to be negations for the sake of negations, instead of negations for the sake of a new assertion. I think that when we appear to be destroying the old only in order to make a place for the new, the evil of denial ceases.]

ART. II. — MISS SEWELL'S NOVELS.*

WE have read some of these volumes with so much delight, that — like poor Lucy Snow, the impressible heroine of “Villette,” who was obliged to let her enthusiastic gratitude for the sensible, manly, commonplace letters of the compassionate Dr. Bretton exhale itself in a few pages sacred to her own perusal, before she could write to them answers which might with prudence be offered for that of another — we could almost find it in our heart to stuff one review of them, for our own satisfaction, with half or three quarters of our whole vocabulary of eulogy, and afterwards to prepare a second, more moderate in its tone, for the assent of our calmer readers. Resisting this temptation, and a no less inconvenient one, to reprint several of them in the form of extracts, we must at least be permitted to say, that, as we follow their simple, earnest narration of the bloodless, uncanonized martyrdoms of the nineteenth century, the trials, struggles, and triumphs of young, tender, high-souled Christian women, on the unmarked, untrophied field of daily domestic life, our eyes are opened, and we see it more glorious than any battle-field, and its humble offices, holy as the service of the temple; and our hearts burn within us, and we feel ourselves for one blessed moment — *heu, quam brevis!* — animated with something of the spirit of the apostolic age. Our enjoyment does not shrink before the test recommended by a mind kindred to that of their author: “Note in any common work, that you read such judgments of men and things, and such a tone in speaking of them, as are manifestly at variance with the spirit of Christ.” Their key-note is in harmony with the divine melody of the Gospels; and if we turn from them to those of most contemporary novelists, the shock is like that when Jullien follows up some sweet, solemn, and silence-guarded symphony with a crashing Yankee Doodle or Rule Britannia, accompanied by the ecstatic shrieks of the reawakened and appreciating mob.

* “Margaret Percival,” “The Earl’s Daughter,” “Gertrude,” “Amy Herbert,” “Laneton Parsonage,” “Walter Lorimer and Other Tales,” “The Experience of Life.” — Edited by the REV. WILLIAM SEWELL, B. D.

Their authorship is generally attributed to a relation of their editor, and they bear everywhere the nice traces of a feminine pen. They enrich an alcove in literature which has scarcely ever been able to boast of such treasures before. The heroines are emphatically

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

The whole of Wordsworth's celebrated description might be applied to almost any one of them. Yet their individuality constitutes one of their chief attractions and merits, in more than one point of view. In conning over the sublimated, monotonous, and generic perfections of many of the worthy Sister Marys, Cousin Agneses, and Miss So and Sos of our *Sunday books*, their unfortunate little disciples can hardly fail to be impressed more or less deeply, according to the depth of their reflections upon the subject, with the idea that the communion of saints is organized somewhat on the principles of a community of Shakers, each one, on joining it, being obliged to give up his *peculium*, and take out of the common treasury of sanctified humanity just enough to keep him a live man, and to clothe him in the colorless uniform of his spiritual brethren. Margaret, Blanche, Amy, Beatrice, and grand old Aunt Sarah, on the contrary, are drawn with almost the distinctness of Miss Bremer and the delicacy of Miss Austen. If we saw them, we should know them. If we met them in the dark, we should be likely to recognize any one of them after hearing from her a few sentences. The fervor of their faith has not burned out nor melted away from their natures that distinguishing stamp which the Creator, in the wisdom and inventiveness of his mind, has seen fit to set upon each of his works. Each has her own peculiar temperament, tastes, pursuits, and habits. They bear to one another only the family likeness of children of light.

The inferior characters are many of them as well marked. The pretty, fascinating, guileless, and warm-hearted, though thoughtless and wayward, little wife, Laura, is no less real in story, and would be infinitely more endurable out of it, than David Copperfield's Dora; and the sickly, sallow Maude, with her glorious singing, her intense and generous love of art and of all that

appears to her beautiful and true, her cynicism forced upon her by her disgust at the hollowness and heartlessness of mere fashionable life, the only life she has seen, her very faults the unsunned seeds of virtues, is so original and interesting, even in its hard and bitter unripeness, that we cannot be contented with the few almost accidental glimpses afforded us of it, and long to know what it will become after its embryo nobleness has been, through Blanche's sweet influences, subjected to those of humility and charity. Mr. Dacre is not so special a favorite with us as he appears to be with his biographer; but the *sharp bluntness* with which he treats his fawning kinswoman and would-be heiress, Miss Forester, is not without its comic effect; and its inconsistency with his principles of benevolence and high sense of the importance of exerting an influence over others for their good, is a defect, though somewhat lamentable in a Christian, not unnatural in a man. Colonel Clive, and the obstinate mar-plot, Sir Hugh, with his gallantry, his grumbling, his science, and his gout, which last, as he justly observes, must be "especially trying to a man of active habits in the prime of life," once seen, or rather heard, are not to be forgotten. The two delicious old fools, Mrs. Courtenay and Miss Debrett, are portrayed, or made to portray themselves, (for our author, safe in the possession of true dramatic power, gets out of the way as often as possible, and leaves her creations to tell their own story,) with a quiet humor which challenges no dangerous comparison with that of the writer of "Pride and Prejudice." That unhappily ubiquitous personage, the selfish son and brother, figures in his various phases on her pages as frequently in proportion as he does in the world of reality, and as naturally. The types of the fine lady and of the dictatorial, *hard-headed* matron, too, are well produced and reproduced by her, each time with a difference; but though she conjures up about us speaking and breathing men, women, and children of very many sorts and many ages, we meet among them with scarcely the shadow of any despairing lover. It is her special glory, that, highly wrought and impassioned as her writings are, she has made them so with little or no assistance from those most *available* arrow-headed characters of the little blind god.

The idea of self-sacrifice is an instinct with her, as with most noble-minded women. She has embodied it again and again;—in the unobtrusive heroine of “*The Experience of Life*,” resigning the man who loved her, and whom, as she gently confesses to herself, she preferred to any one else she has ever seen, and consecrating herself with no unstifled sighs to lonely and life-long toil for her mother’s sake; in Gertrude, turning with a sickening heart from the castle in the air of all her youthful day-dreams, the beautiful church which she was to build for the neglected poor on her spendthrift brother’s estate, to persuade him, in spite of his anger and his reproaches, bordering upon insults, to save himself from dishonor and political dishonesty at the expense of her own little fortune; in Margaret, with her stately, lovely, and most beloved Beatrice Novera at her feet, imploring her with all the eloquence of agony to listen to the too powerful pleadings of her own breast, to return with her to her luxurious palace, to her too dear society, and to Italy, and forsake the faith of her fathers, — imploring her almost with her last breath, and imploring in vain; and last, not least, in the fair, soft girl, Lady Blanche, refusing, though her mind and enfeebled body threaten to sink alike under the struggle, to retrieve the domestic happiness of her bosom friend Eleanor by the gift of a church living to the weak and frivolous Charles Wentworth. The effect of the latter example upon young readers in a country like England, where church patronage appears to be so often disposed of by policy or mere whim, is incalculable.

It is but one, however, among many of no limited application held up for our imitation or avoidance, in a manner so natural and so little offensively didactic, that, soothingly etherized by it, and possessed with pleasing visions, we might scarcely suspect the wholesome operation performing upon our moral sense, if it were not for an occasional twinge in our awakening conscience. The fatal and irreparable consequences of Edward Courtenay’s concealment of the state of his pecuniary affairs from his wife, and of poor Edith’s blind zeal and hasty temper, deserve serious consideration. Mrs. Percival’s treatment of her daughter we take to be a very strong and uncommon instance of a very weak and common error. In

how many families is that most pernicious rule, "Give up to the youngest," confessedly or tacitly maintained, distorting the tender minds of the little elders, perhaps for life, with envy, and a smouldering, burning, perpetual sense of injustice, and those of the scarcely tenderer juniors with selfishness and the pride of tyranny, and implanting in both the seeds of domestic disaffection, jealousy, and hatred. In how many are the feelings, interests, and rights of some poor Margaret or Mary habitually and almost unconsciously sacrificed by her parents at five, ten, fifteen, and twenty, that Tom, Dick, "darling Grace," or a hopeless succession of such, may have his, her, or their own sweet will, at four, five, fifteen, and nineteen? How apt we are to forget that, however ready we may be, or suppose ourselves, to sacrifice ourselves to our children, we have no right to sacrifice any one of our children, or to require it to sacrifice itself, unduly to the others. When children are in other respects well brought up, the evils of this species of partiality are often, no doubt, to a great extent counteracted; and those who suffer its annoyances may learn, in enduring and forgiving them, some good lessons of disinterestedness and self-control. But why need they learn them at the expense of their brothers and sisters? This is as unjust to the latter, in one respect, as it is to the former in another. Why are they not all taught from the earliest possible moment to rely upon an equal share of their parents' kindness and sympathy, and to insist upon an equal one in the privilege of promoting, each in its turn, and according to its ability, the comfort and happiness of the rest? Mrs. Percival, though an unsympathizing task-mistress, is not intentionally a cruel one. Margaret is a dreamer. She needs useful occupation, and frequent admonition. No doubt she does. The tenderest and most judicious mother would agree to this. Yet no tender and judicious mother would confine her at seventeen, with her glowing imagination, ardent love of literature, unfinished education, and irritable nerves, through the whole weary day, with hardly an hour's undisturbed intermission, to the instruction and recreation of the younger children of her family, protect them in their misdoings against her complaints, and suffer her sister, the beauty, to leave her wholly unaided, and fritter away all her time in amusement and folly.

We have never seen the prior and subsequent miseries of a self-imposed *mariage de convenance* set forth with so dreadful a fidelity as in the case of Agatha; and a certain class of young gentlemen who, heroes in their own eyes, may reasonably flatter themselves that they are the developing cause of a great deal of heroism in others, may find some of the results of "merely doing what every one else does, what one is forced into, indeed," successfully demonstrated by her brother Craven, aptly so called.

The guardian goodness with which Margaret learns to treat her pupils is angelic; and some of the advice which she receives with regard to them from her uncle, the Reverend Henry Sutherland, rector of Alton, (the very *beau idéal* of an Uncle Henry in most respects, we must confess, though we are doomed to have a quarrel with him on certain points by and by,) is excellent; but we think it questionable, to say the least, where he recommends forbearing to discourage them from having secrets which are not to be told, and receiving letters which are not to be shown, to their parents, with no other restriction than that it shall be known who the writers are of the latter. Between children belonging to the same family these things may sometimes be suffered, and perhaps it is not always safe positively to prohibit them between playfellows and schoolmates. Still, we cannot believe that, "if not allowed openly, they will" very frequently "be had privately" by well-disposed children, under firm and affectionate management; nor, though we certainly do not undertake to uphold the inquisitorial zeal of the discreet Mrs. Percival, in insisting on the inspection of the epistles received by the grown-up members of her family, even from one another, can we help suspecting that the less there is of such reserves the better. Mystery is the very cast-off cloak of the Evil One, which he left behind him when he went to his own place, to weigh many and many a soul down to him; and the young should be taught to consider, before they put it on, what those have been and have become who have worn it before them.

Among these lessons, we give the highest place to the rule of retirement near the middle, as well as at the beginning and end, of the day, for prayer and self-examination. It may be said that few people have time for this.

Most people have or take time for their dinners, and those who do not find too often that they have lost more of it, in the loss of their physical health, than they have saved by their unwise economy. If they can or ought to find from thirty to sixty minutes for the refreshment of their bodies, they can or ought to find five or ten for the refreshment of their souls. They may look out of their windows a little less, or over their novels or newspapers, or into their looking-glasses; or, if it is no selfish occupation which detains them from the closet, but some imperative claim of their neighbor, they may, like St. Catherine of Sienna in the midst of her household cares, retire into the little oratory of the spirit. Regularly fed, the nobler as well as the baser part will not forget to claim its due with healthy hunger. Few as those five or ten minutes are, if no more are to be had, much may by practice be done in them. In them the forgotten duty may be remembered, and not put off to a morrow that may never come; and in them the inconsiderate error detected and abandoned before persistency in it becomes, as it were, a necessity or a point of honor. Their good resolutions will not, like those of the evening, too often be slept away, nor left behind in the first hurry and bustle of the morning. Those resolutions, by their morning, noon, and nightly repetition, will be burnt in, as if by the finger of an approving and watching God, with heavenly fire upon the heart.

If at the outset of his Christian course a man says to himself, Through all my future years I will keep myself free from anger, sloth, and all my besetting sins, he soon finds himself disappointed, and perhaps utterly at a loss. The work was too great for him; he could not do it. Why should he try again? But he can keep himself free from any outward excess of them on one particular day from morning till noon; and if at noon he looks within himself again, to uproot any poisonous inward weeds that may have germinated since the morning, before they can put themselves forth into action he can save himself from them once more till the evening, and again till the morrow. Self-examination, by showing him his success in these moderate attempts, gives him courage and hope, and a foretaste of that intense joy which offers itself to him at the close of the series of these little flying periods which will have so quickly

made up the sum of his life, — the joy of the sentence, “ Well done, good and faithful servant ” ; and when the same process reveals to him — as, if he perseveres in it, it too surely must — some *falling off*, he is no more, as in his former disappointments, utterly without resource, for it also reveals to him the secret causes of his failing, and the unnecessary want of vigilance which left open the door for it.

It would perhaps be speaking too strongly of this so generally slighted exercise, to declare that without it Christian progress is improbable, and with it, frequently, regularly, and *faithfully* performed, certain ; but almost any statement of its efficacy that falls much below this, falls below the truth. It gives us, for one term of probation, many. Instead of leaving us to be confronted with our accusing consciences for the first time on the threshold of the judgment hall, at the impotent hour of death, when reformation, the stamp and seal of repentance, has become in this world, and, for aught we *know*, in any world, impossible, it summons us there in spirit day by day, amid the affluence of our mighty hours of life, to settle our account with heaven’s recording angel, and by immediate reparation of each offence, or, where that cannot be made, by sincere and childlike sorrow, to cancel the debt, and provide against its increase before time has made us bankrupt,

“ And leave a line of white across the page.”

It extricates us from the trampling crowd of earthly toils and pleasures, which seem to us so great because they are so near, and bears us upward to the foot of the throne of God, to look down upon them and see them betimes as disembodied spirits do, in all their dwindled littleness. Through its repeated discoveries of our frailty, it echoes to us again and again the solemn words of Christ, “ Verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt deny me. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.” And though the warning voice be often repeated in vain, it is believed and listened to at last.

To return. There is little in these books to satisfy those lovers of the “ knowledge of human nature ” with whom the phrase should seem to be a synonyme for an unshrinking familiarity with all that is fiendish in it, pur-

chased at the price of total unbelief and ignorance of all that is angelic. Those, on the other hand, who delight to study the seraph in the chrysalis, may find in them unwonted pleasure. They abound in details and conversations showing the natural growth of things from their apparently trivial causes, and strung like pearls on the thread of the story, and have at times a Düsseldorf distinctness of outline and vividness of tint, which gives us the very fac-simile of a recollection of having stood ourselves in the faded drawing-room at Henningsley, to gaze at the fine old portrait of the high-born girlish beauty over the carved marble chimney-piece; and almost makes the black-and-white page on which the description of the exquisite church of St. Owen is painted darken with majestic forms and glow with gorgeous colors. We have heard them censured as gloomy pictures of life. That they are in great part unvarnished pictures of gloomy life, we grant; but there is much of life that is unavoidably gloomy in its outward circumstances, and in the inward shrinking sensitiveness and timidity of those who are forced to act in it; and we cannot call those pictures of it altogether gloomy ones that represent it as these do, so lighted up with radiance from above.

In short, if noble powers and a noble purpose could have made them perfect, they would be so. But alas! like all pictures painted by human hands, they have their *other side*; and to the ungracious consideration of that other side our narrow limits now compel us as unwillingly as abruptly to turn.

In old times, when a culprit stood quaking before the Dikastery at Athens, he was allowed, or his friends for him, after his prosecutor had named a penalty equal in severity to his indignation, to propose instead of it some other, neither too cruel nor too mild to satisfy mercy and justice; and his judges often consented to the substitution. Somewhat upon the same principle we propose, since these charming works have in our opinion faults which need to be taken in hand, to deal with them with our own light and plummy crow-quill, instead of handing them over to the sharp steel-pen of some hardened controversialist; and while we would wield the weapon in question as sparingly and cautiously as we should the scalpel, with which it was our painful duty to trace out

the track of a fatal disease in the beautiful form of the offspring of a sister, we would also handle it as unflinchingly as we should the latter if the arrest of the spread of that disease in the world depended on our single work.

There lies in many, if not in all, of these books, a substratum of doctrines tending, in our opinion, little as their amiable advocate imagines it, to beget, wherever it is attempted to impose them by authority, infidelity in those who are averse to them, and superstition and servility in those who receive them among the laity, and superstition and overweening arrogance among the clergy. In most of these books this substratum is so overlaid by the story, and its noble moral and religious tone, as to be scarcely discerned by a careless eye, and probably do little harm. In "*Margaret Percival*" it is pushed forth more prominently; and out of it rises Mr. Sutherland, — we are not distinctly told, but we suspect, in a very long-tailed coat, — a marvellous combination of most excellent sense and most exquisite folly. Let us look for a few moments at him and the ground he stands upon.

Mr. Sutherland is one of those *backward-progressives* who have sprung up, determined apparently to roll the Episcopal Church of England down again, after the upward march of ages, to that giddy brink, just overhanging the deeps below deeps of popish and half-pagan absurdity, to which it was hoisted three centuries ago by enterprising men, who might well, finding the effort of getting it over that first and hardest step quite enough to exhaust their breath, strength, and energy, think that they had earned a right to rest, and leave the work of its gradual advancement, and cleansing from the mire that still clung about it, to future generations, — and keep it there exactly poised, in spite of all the laws of human nature. He teaches his niece that, though it belongs less to the laity, and particularly to young women, than to the clergy, to revive the obsolete public observance of holidays, and so forth, nominally retained at the Reformation, there can, in his opinion, be no doubt of the duty of keeping them in private; and that, besides the eighty-one festivals, she will do well to observe "the Evens or Vigils before the Nativity of our Lord, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Annunciation, Easter Day, Ascension Day, Pentecost, and ten others; also the

forty days of Lent, the Ember Days at the four seasons, the three Rogation Days, and all the Fridays in the year except Christmas Day; making in all a hundred and twenty-three days to be devoted 'annually' to fasting and humiliation." She is not, it is true, to attempt entire fasting at first, even if it can be done without attracting attention, nor ever to do so to the injury of her health, but to "begin with abstinence from certain things which would be agreeable to her, and carry it out through the whole day by checking herself in her amusements or luxuries, choosing less amusing books, and not giving way to allowable comforts"; and this advice is given to a girl whose young life is already a tissue of privations and contrarieties! He believes in the authority of clergymen to grant absolution, and asserts that the very essence of his Church, to whose rules he gives and counsels the most implicit submission, "consists in an apostolic ministry, a succession derived from the primitive Church."

From such precepts and practices, the transition to their kindred ones is, if unpardonable, not unnatural. Margaret, during his long absences, falls much into the company of a Roman Catholic countess and her confessor, persons elegant and highly cultivated in mind and in manner, and described by their historian with her beautifully characteristic candor and liberality of feeling, in spite of their errors of faith, as almost perfect in the zealous exercise of every virtue. In her home, she sees nothing but worldliness and care; in the church to which she belongs, only formality and negligence. At Henningsley she is surrounded by purity, peace, and affection; and the wily Father Andrea finds his opportunity, in the ardent and romantic friendship which springs up between her and his charge, to pave the way to her conversion.

Mr. Sutherland returns from the continent of Europe at a terrible crisis in the affairs of her family, and discovers the meditated treason. Then follow some of the most remarkable passages, we think, that we ever met with in any book, remarkable not least in their marvellous union of sectarian bigotry in doctrine and Christian charity in spirit. We have before us the struggle carried on in the heart of Margaret, — for their arguments are addressed to her and not to one another, — for the rule of a timid,

anxious, conscientious girl. Father Andrea fears that salvation is to be secured only within the pale of the true Church. Mr. Sutherland, though prudently cautious in making positive and tangible declarations in such matters, implies, at least, the same opinion. Each declares that his own church is the true church. She is a schismatic according to the one, if she forsakes his; unless she enters his, a heretic according to the other. A lunatic she may well become between the two. Mr. Sutherland lays his hand upon her head and says, "God's blessing and pardon be with you, my child! *You were never in greater need of them*!" Father Andrea presses her hand and murmurs, "Daughter, it is written, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' Think of this, and pray that you may understand it." The dilemma is described with much *naïveté*. It strikes us as a fearful one for any thoughtful mind, which adopts the theory of the Apostolic succession.

Most Protestants, and we ourselves on a cursory consideration of the measures taken by Mr. Sutherland to reclaim his niece from the toils of Henningsley, should be well-nigh ready to yield them our approbation, with a little abatement for their exaggeration, in our well-grounded dread and dislike of the encroachments, by turns fawning and menacing, of that stealthy, mighty, deadly mistress of the world,—that Church which appears to have adopted for her motto, wherever her own interests are concerned, the words of one of her most illustrious poets, who, after recounting Sophronia's false accusation of herself as the author of the theft of the sacred image from the mosque, in order to save the other Christians, exclaims, —

"Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero
Si bello, che si possa a te preporre?"

In our satisfaction at her rescue from a wily priest, who would entrap her into the Church of Rome, we forget that we have before us an absolute and despotic priest who is forcing her back into the Church of England. Forcing her,—we say it advisedly; for different forces are equal in different cases. What confiscations and prisons are to men, a stern tone in the voice, a frown on

the face that they love, are to gentle, humble women and girls. If so amiable and kind-hearted a person as Mr. Sutherland is compelled by his system to use even the slightest infusion of these with the latter, who can say that the same system will not lead his harsher and more passionate brethren into employing those, so far as they may ever find it in their power, against the former? Margaret is incapable of investigation. She must have a guide. He must act as that guide. She may have reasons, if she wishes to hear them; but upon such points only as he sees fit to give them. This is, according to our apprehensions, tyranny, exerted in a good cause *perhaps*, — of that more hereafter; but if we allow tyranny at all, we run the risk of suffering from it. For us to-day, it may be against us to-morrow.

To illustrate this proposition, let us turn the tables upon ourselves, and suppose a case. Instead of the Countess Novera and Father Andrea, let us suppose that it was two non-Episcopal Christians that Margaret fell in with, for instance the sainted Henry and Mary Ware; that it happened to her, as it has, we believe, to many others born and baptized into the Church of England, to look in vain "into the Bible for a confirmation of its truth," and that, struck with their cheerful, fervent, and enlightened piety, she had asked and received of them some of those simple, clear, yet learned and logical, expositions of their faith, which Unitarian piety has delighted to present as thank-offerings for the truer vision which it believes itself to have obtained in return for its patient seekings after the truth; for in this country, at least, the "Dissenter" does not "put the Bible" into the hands of the ignorant and helpless, saying, "Discover its doctrines for yourself," unaided. Would not Mr. Sutherland again have wept, shuddered, brought all the powers of his gentle brow-beating to bear with redoubled vigor upon the trembling renegade to the Liturgy and the Apostolical Succession, and once more have arraigned her in imagination, with a plea of his own drawing up, before that tremendous tribunal of the last judgment at which few could present one of their own with confidence; and then might not her rival teachers, on their side, with equal plausibility, though they would not, for their greater wisdom and moderation, have redoubled the agitation of her

bewildered, terrified, and agonized mind, by summoning to their aid a rival panorama, and bidding her plead her cause as follows: I was born and baptized into a church whose letter killed me, and whose spirit seemed to me dead, a sepulchre with some most holy relics in it, but tenantless, lifeless, breathless. A voice as it had been the voice of an angel came unto me, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen. Go quickly and tell his disciples." And I bore within me a sacred talent, a powerful, earnest, and acute intellect, which pressed me to follow the voice, and prove it if it spoke the truth. But I knew thee (through the teachings of my priest), that thou wert an austere man; and I was afraid, and suffered him to dig in the darkness and undistinguishable dust of dead and buried ages, and hide my talent there; and I went not myself, and those that would have gone I hindered. I ignorantly, as I see too late, joined myself to those who were helping to make the commandments of God of no effect by their tradition, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

But we anticipate. Her brain reels. Truth seems to her to be nowhere, or to be undiscoverable. She is assailed by the most horrible scepticism, and threatened with atheism. Life-long unbelief would probably be the result, did she possess a less devotional temperament; adhesion, more or less complete, to the faith and forms of her Roman Catholic friends, if she were less docile or less separated from them. As it is, Mr. Sutherland, strong in the possession, which seems according to him to be nine points in law, not civil only, but ecclesiastical, carries his point.

Years pass unrecorded; and Margaret Percival, in a soft, misty, tranquil summer Sunday morning, sits in her mother's garden in her uncle's parish, and thinks with deep but softened emotion of the days that are gone by. Many of her labors are over; and she is beginning richly to reap their reward. The still, holy, peaceful life at Alton seems almost like the life of heaven. It is presented to us as a type of life under "the actual working of the Church of England." The reader, if credulous or unwary, is likely to lay down his book, not only with a wholesome admiration of the saintly self-devotion of the heroine, but also with an uneasy doubt of the genuine-

ness of any means of spiritual health not procured from agents having, according to themselves, the legal monopoly of the article. With this uncomfortable sensation we can sympathize, for we have shared it; and we shall therefore hasten the more readily to lay before our fellow-sufferers some of the results of our investigations, (referring any one who wishes to push his own further to Sparks's "Letters on the Episcopal Church," and to Neander's "Church History,") and of our examination of the arguments of Mr. Sutherland.

He informs Margaret, greatly to her astonishment, and somewhat to our own, that "to change from one church to another involves the possibility of a sin numbered with sedition, rebellion, hardness of heart, and the contempt of God's commandments,—the sin of schism"; that when the claims of Rome were first set before her, her first duty was with her own church and her own teachers,—a universal duty binding upon every one, Heathen, Mahometan, Jew, and Christian. How many, we wonder, of the "three thousand" whom we read of in the Acts, who were "added the same day unto" the Apostles, went back first to the synagogue to listen for an indefinite time to the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees? How many would ever have been added to them at all if they had? Were the unrebuked three thousand guilty of schism?

Margaret is further informed by him that "the Heathen would inquire of his teacher, and hear that he had no external revelation; the Mahometan would seek in vain for authentic testimony to the mission of his prophet; the Dissenter would discover that, in throwing off Episcopacy, . . . his instructors had followed their own will, and not the law of the primitive Church. In all these instances the result must be unsatisfactory, supposing the case of an intelligent cultivated mind making the inquiry; and then the decision would be,—If the religion which I have been taught has not external truth to support it, I am at liberty to seek the truth elsewhere." Mr. Sutherland, having the reporter on his side, has the debate all his own way. We have little confidence in the decisions of the "intelligent and cultivated mind" made under ghostly supervision and intimidation. What Heathen would hear from his teacher that he had no external reve-

lation? What Mahometan would seek in vain for testimony to the mission of his Prophet, authentic in the opinion of his Imaum? And, above all, how should the Dissenter discover that, in throwing off Episcopacy, he or his instructors were breaking the law of the primitive Church, or that it was in the least to the purpose, if he could?

On this point let us confront the Reverend Mr. Sutherland, as we may have occasion to do again, with another of the lights of his Church, the learned, pious, and reverend Dr. Arnold of Rugby, whose testimony on any matter of history or philology is probably entitled to quite as much respect as his own, or as that of his prototype, whoever he may be. Dr. Arnold says, with decided disapprobation,* of some supporters of views similar to those upon which we are animadverting: "They are not defending the lawfulness or expediency of Episcopacy, which certainly I am very far from doubting, but its necessity; a doctrine in ordinary times gratuitous, and at the same time harmless, save as a folly. . . . Episcopacy never was commanded at all; the reason being that all forms of government and ritual are in the Christian Church indifferent and to be decided by the Church itself, *pro temporum et locorum ratione*, the Church not being the clergy, but the congregation of Christians."

Mr. Sutherland tells Margaret that she must have perceived that she was swerving from her "allegiance to the English Church." Let us ask Dr. Arnold what allegiance is in his opinion due to a church. His answer, if indirect, is tolerably satisfactory: "That common metaphor about our 'Mother the Church' is unscriptural and mischievous, because the feelings . . . which we owe to a parent we do not owe to our fellow-Christians. We owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to bear, &c., but not filial reverence;—'To them gave I place by subjection, no, not for an hour.'"

We hear it sometimes said, with that air of self-complacency with which one sets forth a proposition at once magnanimous and incontrovertible, "It is no matter what people believe, if they are only good,"—an important *if*, not always secured; and even when it is secured we cannot say, Amen. If it was worth our Saviour's while

* See Life, p. 383, Letter LXXIX.

to live a life and die a death of privation and agony to bring us a revelation from God, it is surely worth ours to spare some time from our occupations and amusements for finding out, with the best aids which our natural powers and education, and those of others to whom we have access, can afford, what that message was. We are bound as his followers to work with him in communicating it to our fellow-men. If we take anything from it, we rob them of part of his legacy of truth. If we add anything to it, we may throw new stumbling-blocks in the way of the unbeliever. Whole sects, we suspect, are marked in the private characters of most of their members by the sternness or mildness of their tenets. Any man, indeed, who studies and practises the precepts of the Gospels will save his soul in spite of a vicious creed. They will neutralize its venom. But how difficult does a vicious creed make the practice of the precepts of the Gospels! How can he be sure that it will not be death to the soul of his neighbor to whom he ignorantly teaches it, and who may dwell upon it more than upon those vital precepts? He may be strong enough to live upon bitter almonds; but if he have nothing better to give his weaker brother, the prussic acid in them may be his death. From the day when the Enemy first sowed tares in the fields of Christendom till now, multitudes of pious, simple-hearted souls have probably received the heavenly teachings of God from the prayer-book and the pulpit together with human or fiendish devices, nourished and strengthened their pure and heathful natures for their climbing journey by the assimilation of the first with but little injury from the last, and gone straight to heaven. But they might have been better nourished and strengthened by a more wholesome diet, and mounted more easily, accompanied by more of their fellows, many of whom they have been forced to leave sickening behind. We think that Margaret Percival, so far as she can be said to have decided for herself, decided wisely in preferring the Church of Oxford to the Church of Rome, inasmuch as we suppose the Church of Oxford, at present at least, to be somewhat less superstitious than the Church of Rome. With the Church of England, properly speaking, we do not consider ourselves to be upon these matters at issue; for we rejoice to find that it is not agreed upon them.

But was Mr. Sutherland wise in deciding her preference for her? Had he any right to do so? Most men are or would be the better for the occasional ministrations of a conscientious and well-informed physician, and the weekly or daily ones of a conscientious and well-informed clergyman; and as there are hypochondriacs who can hardly be intrusted with the care of their own bodies, without dosing or dieting themselves into their graves, so there are others, who, if they undertake to manage their own spiritual concerns, presently run themselves aground upon scepticism or the unpardonable sin. But what then? Are all men to be put under particular sanitary or spiritual guardianship? Is everybody bound for life in honor and gratitude to swallow, whether they suit him or no, the potions and preachments of the school of the physician who first lanced his little gums, and of the clergyman who baptized him? That the circumstances of our birth and education, and all the other circumstances of our lot, have their significance in indicating to us our duties, we should be very slow to deny; but some are sent to bid us yield that we may be led by them to, and others to bid us struggle that by wrestling we may win from them, the appointed blessing.

We do not go so far as to agree with an acquaintance of ours, who says, that, when the Swedenborgian magnet is held up, all the Swedenborgian atoms leap towards it, when the Presbyterian, all the Presbyterian, &c.; at least if, as we understand him, he means to imply that our faith is necessarily determined for us by our individual structure. The faithful employment of the same mental and moral qualities that insure the discovery of truth in other sciences may do so in theology. Most of us are governed, no doubt, in our sectarian, as well as our social preferences, more by taste and association, than by abstract reason; and, to a certain extent, this rule often works well. The domestic affections of naturally selfish persons are often much more happily developed by pretty and engaging wives than they would be, other good qualities being equal, by plain and unattractive ones. In the same manner, their languid spiritual affections may be much more generously quickened and drawn out by religious forms which are agreeable to them than by those which are the contrary; and for our own part, if the

choice lay between the two, we would rather see a friend revelling in all the most preposterous mummary ever performed by Papist or Puseyite, and a sincere Christian to boot, than a merely nominal Unitarian believer without love or faith. If he is not doing as well as he *could*, perhaps he is doing as well as he can.

For ourselves we cling to the relics of antiquity in all that pertains to the Church, as dear, though not sacred, links between us and the holy past. We love the Liturgy. We should love it better if it could be so purged from obscurity, and what we suspect to be pagan absurdity, as to become no longer an intellectual, but a wholly spiritual exercise; but still, as it has been very justly remarked, if absurdities we must have, we are prepared for them in this as we cannot be in an extempore service; and in repeating some of its fervent and solemn prayers, hallowed by the lips of so many generations of saints who have followed them to heaven, we, like the child who, at its mother's grave repeating again and again the petition first stammered after her sentence by sentence at her knees, feels that she prays with it again, can almost fancy that our supplications are prompted and seconded by their beatified spirits. The aspirations of others, however, are more easily quickened and elicited by words which spring fresh and glowing from the heart of the preacher. The preference of either is a harmless matter; and excellent precedents, we believe, may be found for both, the earliest and best apparently for the latter. As to the more weighty matters of faith, if we train ourselves to desire the truth of God above all things else, and (following in the footsteps of his Son, and entering—we say it with reverence—into sympathy with him through the ways of purity, benevolence, and lowliness) seek it in his revealed word in docility and filial love, we are warranted in believing that he will grant it unto us in ever and ever increasing measure according to our need.

According to *our* need. But our need may not be precisely the same as that of our neighbor. We have truth; but we cannot yet have all truth. We may not have exactly the same view of it which he requires. If we see him groping in the dark, we may earnestly entreat him to share with us the light which, as we think, is

guiding us heavenward in peace and in joy. If we see him walking with shadowed face by that which seems to us obscure and dim, we may solicit him to exchange it for ours. But more than that we must be careful how we do. His sight may not be strong enough to bear it. Besides, it may be that, fallible as we are in heart and mind, we are deceived ourselves. The will-o'-the-wisps of our own ignorant self-conceit, pride, selfishness, and earthliness may all the time be leading us astray. The responsibility of the rule of our own soul is enough for us. Let us leave that of the government of others to their infallible Maker. Above all, let us beware how we turn any disciple from his adherence to any doctrine, which appears to be leading him, though us it might not, through faith in Christ, to the sincere and active love of God and man. The melancholy story of Joseph Blanco White is a sufficient caution in this respect. The faith of some minds adheres so closely to the creed in which it was first formed, that the one cannot be broken away without shattering the other.

As every sunbeam is round as the orb that shot it through space, so is every word of God cast in the mould of his own infinity. Who can exhaust the truths contained in the few chapters of the New Testament? St. John declares that, besides the recorded acts of his Master, "there are also many things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." What world—what universe!—could contain the thousand lessons to be deduced from his words, each sentence implying uncounted volumes? What finite mind, what sect, can hope to comprehend their infinitesimal part in its narrow systems and dogmas and articles? The seamless coat of Christ has been rent in pieces by his contending followers, and each remnant, patched up with earthly and sordid materials, is offered to us by its possessor as the whole. Let us be satisfied with no such paltry share, and shut ourselves up within the walls of no party; but while, keeping our eyes undarkened by the unfounded dogmas and transcendental vagaries of ancient and modern schemers and dreamers, we insist upon the whole revelation of God, so far as it can be imparted to us by the learning, logic, toil, and

goodness of any Christians, by whatsoever other name they may be called, let us rejoice with them all in the portion of it which has been made clear to each. The good and wise of different denominations are learning to agree in this, that, since their Father suffers so many diversities of opinion among his children, he suffers them out of regard for their weakness and for benevolent purposes; and that we too must wait for their ending in meekness and trust. As it has been beautifully said by a Unitarian minister, however opposite may be the sides from which we start at the foot of the mountain, in approaching its summit we approach one another.

To return. We think that it was unwise in Mr. Sutherland to retain his niece against her will in a church which she had never either loved or heartily believed in; because we hold it to have been utterly impossible for him to divine whether, under the mysterious providence of God, it was best for her soul that she should remain in it. But, urges he, "I, as a clergyman of the English branch of the Catholic Church, come before you with a statement of her doctrines. As a proof that these doctrines are true, I confirm them by the inspired word of God." To whose satisfaction does Mr. Sutherland confirm them? To his own? Very possibly;—and so, to his own, could Father Andrea confirm very many, if not all, of his, unless he is a much less clever controversialist than we take him to be;—but not to that of an unbiased, judicious, and enlightened mind, unless Mr. Sutherland is a much more clever controversialist than we take him to be, supposing the doctrines which we are now considering to be fair samples of what he would set forth as those of the Church of England.

The lawfulness of the control which he exerts over her he would justify, if he could, by his claim to belong to "an apostolic ministry, a succession derived from the primitive Church." We will not say so much as we might of the doubtful propriety of entitling the clergy of the Establishment—consisting in great part of younger sons of the nobility and gentry, put into orders that they may be genteelly provided for with family livings, and many of them extremely frivolous and incompetent—an *apostolic* ministry, but will once more request the

opinion of Dr. Arnold, who says : " I am perfectly aware that my opinion about the pretended apostolical succession is different from that of most individual clergymen ; but I defy any man to show that it is different from that of the Church of England ; and if not, it is fairly an open question . . . ; and he is the schismatic who would insist upon determining in his own way what the Church has not determined." * And again : " A succession, in order to keep up the mysterious gift bestowed upon the priesthood, which gift makes baptism wash away sin," &c. " This is intelligible and consistent, though I believe it to be in the highest degree false and Antichristian." † If we could hope to add weight to Dr. Arnold's opinion by any suggestion of our own, we would offer the following. Granting the doctrine concerning it to be true, how can we discover, after the lapse of eighteen convulsed and confused centuries, upon whom this " mysterious gift " has descended ? We do not deny that there may be men living ordained by the last of a long succession of men, the first of whom was really ordained by an Apostle. We do defy any man living to prove that he is one of those men. It may be replied, that, at any rate, God will accept the intentions of the Episcopalian who endeavors to do all things decently and in order. We believe that he will, and also the intentions of the non-Episcopalian who endeavors to do all things decently and in order.

For the right of any church to impose austerities upon its members, those who are in doubt about it can consult the fourteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The observation may be hypercritical, but it has long appeared to us that there is much significance in the choice of his words in the text where our Saviour says, " If any one will come after me, let him take up [not *a*, but] *his* cross and follow me." *His* cross ; — not one of his own nor of his brother's choosing, but of God's, adapted, with the wisdom and tenderness of which he alone is capable, to the strength and to the weakness of its bearer. It will be unlike that laid upon any other, because he is himself different from every other, and requires a different exercise. It may be at one time heavy,

* Life, Vol. II., Letter CXCH.

† Ibid., Letter CCXLVIII.

at another galling, never intolerable. Not so that laid by man upon his fellow. God disciplines all men differently. Man would discipline all men alike. Even such modified mortification as that recommended by Mr. Sutherland, taken in connection with other labors and trials like those of Margaret, would probably in most instances result in a nervous depression of body and mind, and in some in consumption.

The Christian whose quick eye of filial love and gratitude is skilled to mark in all the circumstances which surround him but the workings of the gloved hand of Providence, pointing out to him a stepping-stone to heaven in every deed of righteousness which they throw in his way, and whose ear to hear in the words of every suppliant who comes to him for aid a commanding message of invitation from his Father, may find vigils enough appointed for him in labors of love for which the day was too busy or too short, by the bedside of the sick and dying, in sad company with the sleepless anguish of bereavement, or on his couch, when his prayers, confessions, and thanksgivings encroach unawares upon his slumbers, and fasts enough from indulgences forbidden by the health of his body or his soul, or by the greater need in which his brother stands of them. We have little faith in the efficiency of formal acts of self-denial for self-denial's sake. They are, we suspect, too apt to exhaust the energies required for self-denial for the sake of others. Still, if Christ refused to command them, it is not clear that he altogether refused to countenance them. Many holy men have believed them to be of use. Let each be in this respect a law unto himself.

Where the mistletoe grows, there are oaks. Though the natural connection between them may not be apparent, we are not surprised to find here, as well as elsewhere, associated with these doctrines and breathing the same atmosphere of superstition, a general gloom, sometimes softening into melancholy and sometimes darkening into horror, overhanging the idea of death, — death, to the good so often the deliverer, “the” solemn “consoler”! To represent him as “bitter and tremendous” is too often to render him so, particularly to the young. But that he is not necessarily or always so, we could, if our space permitted, bring beautiful and true instances to prove.

Finally, we take our leave of our author with most hearty thanks for the great pleasure and profit (or we are ourselves to blame) which we have received at her hands. That she is a woman of many sorrows, she pretty distinctly tells us. That she is one of many virtues, her works, unegotistical as they are, unconsciously testify of her in every line. We could perhaps wring from them, by cross-examination, some further interesting evidence concerning her to lay before our readers, and add by means of it another instance to the long, sad list of powerful and inquiring minds bowed, shackled, and brought under the dominion of their inferiors, by their union with too timid hearts and morbidly sensitive consciences. We forbear. We have no right to use what authors are so kind as to give us of their stores of reflection and experience, in obtaining what they do not. Such proceedings, though put in practice every day, particularly with regard to the writings of her own sex, appear to us too much upon a par with those of the beggar who avails himself of a charitable gentleman's giving him a shilling to notice where he keeps his purse, and pick his pocket. Her errors, if we are right in thinking them so, are those of her teachers, and cast no deep shadow upon her. They are but the harsh, unkindly rind, which may easily be separated and thrown away, leaving the rich fruit of much noble thought and feeling within, to render him who makes it his own, and digests it, the stronger and better for life.

E. F.

ART. III. — THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.*

IN the boundless universe revealed or suggested to the eye of man, is there no material globe destined for the abode of intelligent beings save our own? Our own sun has eight large primary planets revolving about him; is

* 1. *The Plurality of Worlds. With an Introduction, by* EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 16mo. pp. xvi., 307.

2. *More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1854. 16mo. pp. 265.

ours the only one destined to be inhabited? The Milky Way contains thousands of stars apparently bound together by laws of attraction, and circling about the group of the Pleiades. Our sun lies near the centre of the Milky Way, and is therefore probably like the other stars composing this great assemblage. Is it the only one of that multitude which has planets? And if the others have planets, are they not destined for the abodes of intelligent creatures? Scattered over the heavens are spots of hazy light, shown by the telescope to be clusters of stars. Are these clusters smaller, and composed of smaller stars, than the Milky Way? Or are they not simply distant Milky Ways? If so, have they not their Pleiades, their suns, and those suns their planets, and those planets their inhabitants?

Such is the rapid and conclusive way in which human speculation reached the doctrine of the plurality of planetary worlds, of planets peopled by intelligent beings. The doctrine has found its way into popular literature, giving rise to many beautiful passages of oratory, many strains of noble verse. It has exalted our conceptions of the Almighty Power, and thrilled our souls with a wider sense of brotherhood with the sons of God. It has even sunk so deeply into the human heart as to become the inspiration of art, and Beethoven has written the choral song of the worlds, as they roll in their tribute of praise to the Redeemer:—

*“ Welten singen Dank und Ehren
Den erhebenen Gottes Sohn.” **

But, behold, here steps forth an anonymous writer, and with prolix and almost tedious discourse assails this doctrine, which has taken such firm hold of the human mind as even to modify our ideas of heaven. He lays merciless hands upon this fair fabric of speculation. He shows that, of the eight larger primary planets, only one gives us positive evidence of containing the three essentials of earth, air, and water. He shows that, among the stars, the double stars would require a very different planetary arrangement from that of the solar system; and the variable stars are not fitted to be steady dispensers of

* *Worlds* are singing thanks and honor to the exalted Son of God.

light and heat. He attempts to show that among the nebulae are some that are not only unresolved, but by fair inference unresolvable, since they are probably, at most, only eleven tenths the distance of some that are resolved; and that there are some which give strong indications of the action of a dense resisting medium.

We do not know the name of this bold man, nor his usual office. The only scrap of personal history which he suffers to escape him is, that he is acquainted with an interesting child, deaf and blind. But the characteristics of his style remind us forcibly of a little treatise called "*The Stars and the Earth.*" There is the same firm and clear grasp of the main ideas, the same occasional slip of attention by which he falls into palpable oversights and errors upon unimportant points, the same patience and prolixity, running occasionally into tediousness, as he states and restates his views, and pushes them out until they cover the whole ground.

The object of the writer is to confirm, by the testimony of astronomy and geology, the Christian Scriptures in their assertion that man is favored with express and peculiar care. He would show the probability that the earth is the only habitable globe in existence; and would prove from geology that men are but recently placed here. Hence he would confirm the testimony of our consciousness, that mind and heart, conscience, and the knowledge of God, place us at the head of creation, and make it probable that God should enter into peculiar relations with us.

The purpose of the book is then good, but the mode of accomplishing it is of rather questionable validity. For if we allow his arguments their full weight, they only go to show our ignorance. It is no more within the province of astronomy to disprove than to prove the hypothesis of a plurality of worlds. Our reliance for the defence of the Gospel is not to be upon negative or positive speculations, but upon more solid foundations.

Supposing, then, the doctrine of a plurality of worlds to be true, what real objections or difficulties can be brought from it against our Christian faith? We say, none. Nay, we will go further, and say that, were the theory of an infinite number of planetary worlds true, there could be no legitimate inference drawn from it even

against the doctrine of the incarnation of God ; which is the doctrine of current Christianity certainly most liable to such objection.

For granting the truth of this doctrine of the incarnation for one world, there is no impossibility in the way of such an incarnation in every world. Number, space, and time are absolute zeros in comparison with infinity and eternity. If, at a certain point in this world's history, the Almighty clothed himself in our feeble clay, and died for our redemption, there is no reason apparent why he may not have manifested himself in like manner in every one of a boundless number of worlds. And in like manner, granting the truth of the theory of many worlds, no legitimate inference can be drawn from it against any theory of a Revelation ; not even against the theory of an Incarnation. For Astronomy teaches us the existence of the force of gravity, Geology of subterranean force, Chemistry, Botany, Zoölogy, each teach us of peculiar forces, and consciousness declares that force is the exercise of volition. Nay, the mathematician can grant no other definition to an atom of matter, than merely that it is a centre of forces. There is in the mathematician's eye no substance in things material. The Cosmos is but a display of the Divine Will, instant and present in its volitions. God is, then, each instant, present and acting in each atom of matter ; how much more in each human soul ! He is present and acting by his own will, and at his own will, and what logical hindrance therefore to a revelation such as the Gospel claims to be ? No objection to a Revelation, to miracles, or to Special Providence, whether drawn from natural science or metaphysical conceptions of nature, can conceal its truth from a common-sense glance at the foundations of our faith.

God is acting at each instant in each atom of matter, in every star, and how much more in the human soul ! No answer to the question forced upon us by the thought of the starry host, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him ? seems to us better adapted to give peace to the soul, than the answer given by a friend of ours to a dispirited acquaintance, who expressed a fear whether the Creator of such countless worlds might not think man too small to be noticed. But man is not so small, said he, as you imply ; — man is great enough to measure

the infinite distances which separate the stars, to count the ages of their revolutions, nay, even to weigh the stars in a balance; man is therefore greater than the starry host itself. And when this little atom, dwelling on this point, the earth, has stretched his hand across the almost boundless space, and weighed the stars in his balance; when this little atom, but yesterday placed on this little point, and perishing to-morrow, has unrolled the geological and stellar history of a past eternity, and unveiled a perfect prophecy of eternity to come, — he then soars above all these questions of mere space and time, perceives the existence of an absolutely Infinite and Eternal Creator, recognizes his plan, analyzes his thoughts, acknowledges his purposes. Thus does this atom, man, prove his kindred with that absolutely Infinite and Eternal Being, — thus is he made sure of his own worth in comparison with material things, and is prepared for the reception of special messages from God himself.

Moreover, if every science that deals with forces leads us to the conception of a free intelligent volition as the cause of each change, Geology leads us to perceive that this volition has at sundry times in the world's history operated without the intervention of agents. The connection between the different geological epochs lies only in God's thought, in the fulfilment of one comprehensive plan, but not in the means of fulfilment. The establishment of new races upon the earth in each epoch was miracle, as purely a miracle as the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. There is therefore no sound scientific *a priori* objection to the investigation of the evidences of Christianity, and no metaphysical objection which does not lie equally against the facts of Geology.

We may therefore clear the discussion of the plurality of worlds of all religious considerations, well assured that Science has no warfare to wage against the Gospel, and the Gospel none against Science. Is the doctrine of the plurality of worlds true? Can its probability be made apparent on scientific grounds, without recourse to President Hitchcock's disputed theories of angels, which he dignifies with the name of Biblical facts? We think it can; — we think the rapid and popular argument with which we opened this article is conclusive, and that the objections urged by this anonymous writer are more specious than real.

First, in regard to the Solar System, the admitted absence of air from the moon, a mere satellite, leads to no just inference with regard to the primaries. Nor does the small specific gravity of the outer planets necessarily exclude rocks from their formation. In the absence of evidence we may as well suppose Saturn and Jupiter made of porous asbestos, or carbonate of magnesia, as of water and cloud. Nay, since meteoric stones abound in metals which are very rare on the earth, there is no reason to limit the constitution of the other planets to the fifty-seven elements of earthly chemistry. The mechanical laws of nature are to be presumed necessary in all material phenomena, but not a chemical identity with matter on this globe. It is admitted by our author that Mars has an atmosphere, and rain and snow. Why is not this presumptive proof that other planets have also? And what hinders the presumption that these atmospheres differ somewhat in their constitution from ours, and that with less refractory power they may have equal power to support organizations fitted to them?

Our author replies, that, if nothing hinders this presumption, it is equally true that there is nothing to create it. But this we deny. The mere fact that the earth is inhabited, or inhabitable, creates it. It is of no avail to say that the earth has been inhabited for only a few thousand years, and that, if we had argued from the state of the world before Adam, we should not have been led to the conclusion that the other planets are inhabited. The same Geology which informs us of the Preadamite earth, tells us that God's plan from the beginning was to place man in the garden. The plan of animal life presupposes man as the last term of the whole series of successive creations.

In the choice of forms for the animated creations, the Creator was originally guided by the laws of mechanical equilibrium. It is shown by Professor Peirce, that the formula of equilibrium for one fluid floating in another, like the embryo in the egg, admits of only a definite number of forms, and that the four departments of animated nature correspond, according to Agassiz's view of their embryonic forms, to changes of the constants in this formula. The whole animal world is therefore framed upon a single original thought or formula, embodied

under four manifestations. Under each of these departments a successive development showed the ability and intention of the Creator to carry out the plan to its perfection. That perfection is reached, among the vertebrates, in man. We may say, therefore, with scientific truth, that man was on the earth, at least in creative design, so soon as the first living germ of an animal was here. The voice of the Divine Wisdom sounds from the rocks, as from the lips of the Hebrew sage, saying: —

“ When God marked out the foundations of the earth,
Then was I by him as a master-builder ;
I was his delight day by day,
Exulting continually in his presence ;
Exulting in the *habitable part* of his earth,
And my delight was with the *sons of men*.”

Geology confirms the doctrine of Astronomy, that God made this earth, as the abode of men. The obliquity of the ecliptic, the proportion of land and water, the degree of solar heat, the tidal influence of the moon, the arrangement of mountain ranges and inland seas, the proportions of the atmosphere, the fruits of the earth and the animals on its surface, the mines of metals and coals, — all things, in short, are adapted to us, and combine with geologic history to show that the earth was made for us, and we for the earth. It is well that pestilence and famine, shipwreck, railroad collisions, fire-damp, and the thunderbolt, should remind us that the earth is not our final abode, else the doctrine of a plurality of worlds would be absolutely needed as a moral sedative to counteract these exhilarating views, in which science shows us to be the sons of God.

But if this planet was originally designed for human abode, and adapted to the nature of the beings afterward to be placed upon it, the fact that this design and preparation was millions of ages in its accomplishment, ere man was placed on the earth, argues nothing against other planets being designed for similar abodes. On the contrary, the presumption becomes stronger in favor of such a belief. The waste of matter and of space in making void planets is not to be urged as an argument for believing them inhabited, because in boundless space and eternal time there can be no such thing as waste either of space or time. But the fact that the earth is

one of the eight primary planets of large size, each of which revolves round the sun, and rotates on an axis inclined to its orbit, and that one other of these planets gives strong evidence of having air, soil, and water on its surface, creates a very strong presumption that the earth is not the only one of the eight designed to be the abode of intelligent creatures. They may not be in the same state of forwardness as the earth, some may have preceded us, and others be designed to follow us in the order of development.

One fact in regard to Saturn seems not to have come to our author's knowledge, else he would surely have applied it to the purposes of his argument;— and we will be frank enough to state it, for the benefit of our readers who are not disposed to join in our view of the whole question. The splendid rings which encircle Saturn, and have been gazed at with delight since the days of Galileo, have been dissolved by the powerful analysis of Peirce into a fluid. They constitute a true Homeric ocean, a series of rivers running into each other and into themselves, with never-ceasing flow. Their existence is therefore a strong argument to show the fluid nature of the body of Saturn, especially if we allow that any modification of Laplace's nebular hypothesis can be true;— since they show the great abundance of fluid in the Saturnian system. But in the absence of any knowledge of the chemical nature of that fluid, in the absence of any decided proof of an atmosphere of vapor, either about the ring or planet, we do not think this leads us to admit only cold-blooded, gelatinous animals floating in fog-covered, frozen oceans, either in the present or prospective economy of Saturn. There was a time in the earth's history when the ocean covered all or nearly all of its surface; but we have a very comfortable proportion of dry land now. And it is likely that Saturn either has now, or will have hereafter, a similar proportion.

As for the weight of bodies at the surface of the different planets, and the capability of animals existing under a greater or less gravity, we should remember that there are no limits to cohesive attraction, and that the strength of an organism can be adapted to its circumstances, as is seen in many wonderful instances upon earth.

In passing from the solar system to the stars, our author selects cases in which the stars are unlike the sun, in order to draw the inference that none are like him. The double stars, for instance, would require a very complex planetary arrangement. If they have planets, those planets must either keep close to their respective suns, like satellites about a planet, else they must sweep so far outside both the stars as to feel their common attraction as from but a single centre. Either of these hypotheses would make planets about a double star very different from planets about our sun.

Very good, but that is no reason why the planets should not exist. On the nebular hypothesis, it must be a very rare thing for a star not to form planets in the process of its own formation. Whether the planets thus formed are habitable or not, depends either on chance or on the will of the Creator. If on chance, how incredible the odds against this earth being the only inhabitable globe in the universe! If on the Divine will, how incredible the supposition that he should prepare only one of these balls for the abode of living creatures!

From double stars we may pass to single stars which exhibit changes in their appearance. These variable stars are not fitted, it is said, to be steady dispensers of light and heat. But if we grant this, what follows? Out of the thousands of stars composing our great nebula, the Milky Way, a few dozens are double or variable. Does it follow that none are steady, single lights? No one ever claimed that every star must be exactly like the sun; but the fact that the sun is near the middle of a huge cluster of stars, some of which are certainly nearly of his size, and all of which are bound with him in one great movement, argues strongly for the belief that some of these stars, and probably most of them, are very much like the sun. In the entire absence of any knowledge concerning the cause of the variableness of certain stars, it is rash to argue from it that none of the stars are such steady dispensers of light and heat as to make their planets inhabitable.

The nebulae are denied by our author the rank of being clusters of suns. The telescope, he says, has resolved them into points of light; but who can assure us that these points of light are not smaller than suns,

more rarefied, and totally unfit to be the abode of men? It must be confessed that no one can demonstrate the precise size and condition of the stars which compose the nebulæ. Some of them may be smaller than the sun, there may be stellar Liliputians there, solar systems in miniature, and yet all in perfection and harmony. Yet when there are but few points known, we ought to be guided by the analogy of those points, not by the analogy of wholly unauthorized speculations. The presumption is, the nebulæ are like the Milky Way, and the mere absence of proof does not create a counter presumption. The argument from the Magellan Clouds is founded on too slight a report of data to make any reply necessary. The curious inference drawn from the spiral form of certain nebulæ is also little to the purpose. Grant it in its full extent, and it would argue nothing concerning the nebulæ which are not spiral.

The opinion that stars are suns is founded, says our author, upon the single fact that they are self-luminous. This is not a fair statement, nor even a true statement. The stars are of immense size; some are of the same "order" of size as the sun; they are arranged in a mass or cluster, with our sun somewhere near the middle; they exhibit distinct traces of being bound together with the sun in a common motion round a centre. These facts are almost demonstrative of the position that the stars are suns, and the sun a star; and it is upon these facts, and not upon the single fact of self-luminousness, that this belief is founded.

The doctrine of the plurality of worlds, it must be admitted, is a mere speculation; but it has by no means yet been shown that it is an improbable speculation. The burden of proof lies upon the doubters, and we think they must find a stronger champion ere they can shift it to the other side. We cling to this speculation, not with religious prejudice, for we really cannot find, even in the perusal of the volume before us, that our views of religion would be materially altered by our decision on this question, but with a conviction of the probability of its truth.

If any reader has patience enough to read the prolix discussion of the question through three hundred pages, he may find, however, that the volume before us has its value

in the frequent statement of moral questions in a noble way, and the manly assertion of the dignity of our race. But he will also be convinced that all that is of real value in the essay might have been written by a believer in the plurality of worlds, and that when the writer argues against that doctrine, he appears to least advantage. The whole volume is closed by an obscure passage, rendered somewhat more unintelligible by a misprint substituting *Creator* for *creature*, and illustrating by its mistiness the general ill effect of doubt upon the clearness of a writer's mind.

After writing thus far, we were glad to find that we had been anticipated, in some of our replies to this essay, by a book from the pen of Sir David Brewster, entitled, "More Worlds than One," — a book in which brevity, clearness and accuracy of statement, and cheerful confidence of tone, form a pleasing and refreshing contrast to the tedious obscurity of many passages in the anonymous essay.

Two of the strongest arguments of the anonymous writer against belief in a plurality of worlds, were drawn from a ridicule of Stellar Astronomy, and an exaltation of Geology, from a denial that the telescope reveals a boundless universe of suns about us, and from the assertion that the rocks show that all human history has occupied but an instant of the world's age. It is said, by the essayist, that the visible universe is smaller than astronomers pretend, and that at any rate, as man has occupied but a moment in time, he probably occupies but a point in space. To this double argument Sir David replies by a single thrust admirably aimed, and had he been as skilful a rhetorician as the anonymous writer, he would have made this single thrust accomplish half the battle. "You deny," he in effect says, "the glorious truths of Space, given by Sidereal Astronomy, and vaunt the sublimities of Time, unveiled by Geology. I say that the times of the Geologists are more uncertain than the spaces of the Astronomer. You doubt the existence of other suns and clusters of suns, — I will doubt the existence of Preadamite ages. The geologic changes may have all occurred in the course of one or two hundred years, as readily as the great clusters of suns be comprised, as you suppose, in a limited space. If you

speak disrespectfully of one branch of positive science, you are grossly inconsistent to rely so confidently on the theories of another. Either throw up your faith in Geology, or accept the doctrines of Astronomy."

There are two or three minor points in which we think the Essay "More Worlds than One" unfortunate. A few pages of Scripture argument, we think, should have been omitted. They assume the plenary inspiration of the whole Bible, and have of course no weight with those who deny that doctrine, little weight with the larger class of those who doubt it. They put, also, new and strange interpretations upon the letter of Scripture. In other parts of the book, too much emphasis is laid upon the argument, that a planet without inhabitants would be made in vain;—the answer to this argument which we have given already, that in boundless space and unending time there can be no waste, is sound. On one point Sir David falls into the error of using the same factor twice when it should be used but once, or else states his meaning badly. We refer to his calculation of the relative weight of bodies on different planets. He speaks of the nebular hypothesis in too dogmatic a tone, as being *dangerous* rather than untrue.

We state thus frankly our perception of the defects of this book of Sir David Brewster, that we may the more emphatically express our agreement with the main body of his argument and his conclusions.

One other point occurs to us, on which we differ from Sir David, and that is the theory of the asteroids. We think that Dr. Olbers's supposition of the explosion of a planet has little plausibility. Mr. G. P. Bond's hypothesis* of the fluid nature of Saturn's ring has in a curious way led to a confirmation of what we have always thought the more probable view of the nature of the asteroids. For in Professor Peirce's demonstration of this hypothesis,† he shows that the ring is sustained by the power of the exterior satellites; and remarks that the belt of asteroids just within the powerful masses of Jupiter and Saturn is in that place where it is most nearly possible for a ring to be sustained about the sun. This group of twenty-nine known, and an unknown number of unknown planets, was then in the original plan of the so-

* Astron. Journal, Vol. II. p. 5.

† Ibid., p. 17.

lar system, and was not the result of catastrophe. It remains for future mathematicians reverently and cautiously to test the question, whether that group arose from the scattered aggregation of a ring, nearly kept perfect by the outer planets, which would be in accordance with Laplace's nebular theory; or whether, in accordance with Newton's general views, the group was placed under the tutelage of Jupiter and Saturn, by direct act of the Divine Architect, because those powerful planets were alone able to keep it from internal confusion. Taking this view of the origin of these smaller members of the solar system, they offer a peculiarly tempting field for the speculations of those who believe them to be the abodes of intelligent beings. We can see no reason why they may not be as inhabitable as the earth. Some of them give good evidence of having dense atmospheres, and are therefore likely to be as warm as our larger ball. The mere size of a planet cannot be any objection to supposing it inhabited.

T. H.

Thomas Hill

ART. IV.--PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.*

THE titles we give below afford us a fair sample of the directions in which thoughtful men are approaching that topic, whose irresistible fascination and appalling magnitude, like the vortex of a great whirlpool, have gradually drawn in every mind conversant with social morals or state affairs.

Each of the works mentioned is highly characteristic of its source. Philosophic statesmanship, the hard scientific ethics of government and political economy, are well represented, each by its champion. The accomplished Frenchman looks at the working out of democracy on a

*1. *Democracy in America*. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by H. REEVES. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851. 2 vols.

2. *Despotism in America*. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 307.

3. *The Slave-Trade, Domestic and Foreign; why it exists, and how it may be extinguished*. By H. C. CAREY, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," "Past, Present, and Future," etc. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.

new continent, the three great types of national character which complicate its working, and its influence in developing its own forms of social life. To him the danger seems not so great from diverging interests, as from moral diversities which have this matter of slavery at their root. With sagacious criticism he traces the mental and social character of the different sections; and, long ago as his observations were recorded, they keep their interest fresh, and are a valuable key to the great debate, even now.

The author of "Despotism in America" has the disadvantage at present of being judged only by the introductory portion of his work. In a second volume he will give his answer to the questions which in this he has put forward in their darkest and hardest form. He writes, intentionally we suppose, on one side, — as a partisan or advocate, rather than as a philosopher. It is not in the line of his argument to notice the reasons by which men have been honestly deceived into apologies for slavery, or the natural palliatives which make its existence a possible or endurable thing. What he sees is a battle *à l'outrance* between democracy and oligarchy, — the freedom of the North and the despotism of the slave power in the South, — a battle urged as yet in caucus, convention, or congress halls, but which may develop its latent elements at any time, and take a bloodier shape. He may be true to the record, and set down duly what he knows to be a fact; but in his way of doing it there is something vindictive, and almost fierce, as if he challenged the resentment he feels himself. Whatever the value of his book as a party statement of the grounds of a bitter controversy in political ethics, it is not, and is not meant to be, a fair or complete account of slavery as a social fact.

Mr. Carey is well known as a political economist, very American at heart, and very complacent and confident in his theories of the working out of social economies. The key to his economical system is, that rude and coarse methods of production must always be used at first; while with the increase of wealth and population the gain of productiveness keeps more than equal pace. This is his answer to Malthus, his confident hope of the future of America, his solution of the slavery problem.

He thinks that a social evil limits and cures itself; that slavery will not go up stream, but tends to river-bottoms and the gulf-shore; that growing wealth and numbers will provide a cure for its inexpediency, and the normal development of the nation will do away its wrong. Never were so many knotty questions in economy and morals disposed of by dint of an enthusiastic assurance of one single point. Only keep party and passion out of the field, the destinies of the future are safe.

But party and passion will not be kept out of the field. De Tocqueville shows us why, and Mr. Hildreth illustrates the fact for us. We must take the fact of slavery as we find it, — with its surroundings, — not a simple, but a very complicated thing. On the solution of it, as a problem in political philosophy, what is at stake is the future character and destiny of the nation. The conviction of the generation that framed our Constitution, that slavery was a short-lived evil, crowded upon this country by British policy mainly, — one that might be safely tolerated, and could not endure long, — has gradually faded out from the public mind. Two generations of compromise have had their effect, in giving it such spread, and grasp, and arrogant self-assertion of strength, that it threatens to drive its antagonist quite off the field. The African slave-trade begins to be talked of in some quarters as a politic and humane thing. Right to hold slaves is claimed as a primary right to be recognized in all new territory, if not in all the States; and our national administration ostentatiously challenges civil war, on the point of enforcing Virginia "rights" on Massachusetts soil. What obstinate struggle may be demanded hereafter to check such vast encroachments, no man can tell. Slavery seems for the time victorious as a political power. If it is to be overthrown, the alternative lies between the obstinate labor of perhaps a century, or else a sharp and formidable conflict, a war of sections or of races, in which no quarter can be given or received.

And yet, aside from the issue of such a conflict (on whose darker stages some consider that we are already entered), there is surely another way of regarding this matter of slavery. We may think of it as a misfortune, a peril, or a wrong, — in one of which ways we suppose it to be usually regarded at the North. But we may

also consider it as a problem, to be solved by the conscience and mind of men. The Creator, as we reverently believe, does not appoint to human societies conditions of life too hard to be observed. We do not think ourselves entitled to regard any social problem as essentially unsolvable. There is a "way of escape," if we are only wise enough to see it, and faithful enough to follow it. And whatever form of possible conflict may be imminent for us, it will do us service, before plunging into its actual perplexities, if we can trace only the general direction in which Providence seems to lead; and consider the process by which a practical solution may be obtained, and slavery normally outgrown. In so regarding it, we do not assert that events will certainly, or even probably, take that course. Men drift with present interest, and veer about with gusts of passion; but the statesman's skill is like the mariner's, to make his tacks come as near as he can to the great circle, and allow for wind and tide. Even if we were hopeless of the future, we should still hold it a legitimate thesis, to treat slavery as a solvable question of social ethics, and think such a treatment could be only of advantage to the temper of the actual debate, — even if as ineffectual practically as when, in Papal states, the Copernican system is taken as a thesis in geometry.

And in attempting it, we do not wish to disguise the immense difficulties under which this peaceable solution labors. There is, in the first place, the radical diversity of race, which doubtless assigns a social function and destination in some regards totally different, to the white man and the black. What should be the true relation of the two races thus violently brought together on the same soil, so as not to violate the conditions of justice, and to establish a peaceful and durable polity, we do not consider that any one at present, and especially any one at a distance, is competent to say. The scientific argument, proceeding from diversity of race, makes at present the only respectable ground of defence or apology to the system of slavery. Only, those who employ it do not always bear in mind, that, the more hopeless the barbarism of the black, the deeper the social crime of opening the flood-gates to a new irruption of it from its native Africa. Any that wish to see this argument in

its most scientific and recent form are referred to the ponderous quarto of Dr. Nott and Mr. Gliddon, entitled "Types of Mankind." * Without entering into it at present, we only note it as presenting the first serious entanglement of our problem.

The next is a little different, namely, the mixture of races, which to our mind offers the most painful point of perplexity and injustice in the whole system. The volume to which we have just referred, in an elaborate chapter on "hybridity," maintains that every known example of superior intellect, or capacity of self-culture, in the enslaved race, is due to the mingling of white blood; and asserts that the mixed race cannot propagate itself, but tends constantly to run back to one or the other type. As to the latter assertions, we know nothing; as to the former, whatever the source of superiority, the cases of it are frequent enough to create infinite terror and cruelty among suspicious masters, and to prove horrible injustice, on the Southerners' own ground of measuring a man's rights by his capacity. Either the argument from race should be abandoned, or else, by its own showing, exception should be made for those who have got above the assumed level of their race. While (according to Dr. Nott) a man's *qualities* are mostly inherited from the father it is double injury to compel him to take the *condition* of the mother. We touch slightly this most painful matter of the mingling of the enslaved and dominant races; but a moment's thought shows it to be, not only one of the most perplexed, but one of the most imminent and alarming: it aggravates with tenfold bitterness the essential wrong of bondage, and demands to be looked in the face, spite of all false shame, as presenting perhaps the first and most vital issue that is to be met.

But all these questions of race may be regarded as outlying and incidental to the main one of slavery itself, with its history, characteristics, and tendencies, as they are gradually coming to be known. We do not

* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 4to. pp. 738. A work not without value, and even entertaining, very heterodox, unsound, polemical, pretentious, and verbose. Mr. Gliddon *condenses* a portion of his "archæological researches" in 250 pages of fine print, chiefly a comment on Genesis X. He intimates once or twice, that his manuscript material, which the printers have spared us hitherto, is enough to make quite a volume!

undertake to read the horoscope of slavery. We do not profess to trace out beforehand the course of events in the dark path of the future, in which it compels us to tread. We do not affect to judge infallibly the various men and parties, that, with more or less of wisdom and passion, are dealing with it. But we are convinced at least of the serious and imminent nature of it; and sure we are, that the truest wisdom is to meet it boldly, and that from such a discussion no man's voice or honest thought should be withheld.

First of all, therefore, we protest against that fatalistic view, false as dangerous, which would let it alone, to abide the chances of the future, — a fatalism as unworthy of a man's courage, as of his humanity, his republicanism, or his faith in God. It is the view which we suspect, confessed or not, to lurk behind the selfish cowardice of our politicians of the baser sort. Let it alone, they say. It is dangerous, and the more so the more it is meddled with. In the long run, they say, it can have but one termination. What that is, we see in the story of San Domingo, and the servile wars of Rome. History, they say, teaches by example, that a subject race will take its time to avenge itself bloodily on its masters. Symptoms of that horrible end we see in the insurrections which seem to be always brooding, and now and then bursting out, in the Southern States. We cannot help the course of things, they say. We cannot prevent the bloody issue, but we can put it off. Give slavery room. Danger thickens when plantations crowd upon each other. Give it room; it may at least outlive our day. Let the next generation look out for itself, — the deluge will not come till after us. Slavery is profitable now; it has interest, passion, policy, and fear on its side. The safest thing is for the moralist or reformer to let it alone; for the statesman to keep agitation at a distance, and put off the evil day as long as possible. When it can no longer be put off, then let it come. Most likely we shall not live to see it. Meanwhile, the more space we give slavery to spread, the longer it will be in coming to that pass, and the more we multiply the chances of our own security. And so, say they, let it alone; let it spread; let the future take care of itself. Such is the vague opinion held, sometimes sadly, sometimes basely, by men who repre-

sent no inconsiderable portion of our people. A most false and mischievous opinion we regard it, — with some, an honest but weak despondency, with others, an infamous and cowardly compromise with their conscience, a base surrender of their republican honor, a criminal betrayal of the rights and interests of the future. It is only of service to us, because it puts before us boldly the dreadful alternative men will accept *for others*, rather than face the plain question of right and wrong themselves; and because it shows that such persons do not really believe slavery can last for ever, — that men's final refuge from the demand of justice is only in infamy and despair.

In answer to the alternative thus announced, we think it enough to point, first, to the affectionate, patient, docile, tractable disposition of the African race, — tolerant of burdens, not apt to harbor deep animosity, eager to imitate and learn, facile, inconstant, easily guided in any course when there is intellect and resolution in the leader, and won by the slightest kindness to a grateful and confiding affection; — secondly, to the immense superiority of the whites in numbers, skill, intelligence, habit of combination, and all the resources of science and civilization: the strong can afford to be generous, and shall they not be just? — thirdly, to the example of the British West Indies, which, whatever else they prove, show that violence and hostility are the last things to be dreaded from the blacks when they come to feel their strength, unless provoked by an obstinate and jealous tyranny; — and finally, to the existence of subject races or castes in Europe for these many centuries, — races which have their own interior organism, their tradition, custom, and unwritten law, their blood unmingled with that of the ruling or conquering tribes, and their peace not much molested by border conflicts, so long as the supremacy of the stronger race remains unchallenged. These considerations are enough, surely, to relieve us of any apprehension in meeting this question face to face; and to convince us that the only real danger is in leaving it to the chance handling of a generation trained in the fatal example of political insincerity and moral cowardice. The way of courage, justice, and humanity is the only way of safety.

Approaching the positive solution of our problem, we

encounter on the way two popular movements, professing, each in its own way, to deal with it. One seeks to palliate the mischief, and abate the danger; the other strikes at the root of the overshadowing wrong. Both deserve to be appreciated, as part of the general movement of the age in the direction of liberty.

It would be idle and preposterous to talk of colonization as a cure, or even any sensible relief, to the evil of slavery, taken in its length and breadth. In point of actual numbers, it does not nearly equal the active voluntary emigration of slaves to Canada. The whole number of colonists in Africa, after thirty years of experiment, is not more than a tenth part of the natural increase of the slaves in a single year. In fact, it seems most just, not to criticize the movement in view of any higher pretensions than as an "Emigrant's Assistance" movement, and as an encouragement (so far as it goes) to acts of voluntary manumission. Its platform is properly one of charity, which naturally brings together persons of great variety of motive and great diversity of opinion, and elicits corresponding jealousies. A party at the South is jealous of it, for fear it may keep the question of liberty open, and give the slaves visions and dreams of a higher destiny. A party at the North opposes it, on the ground that it humors a cruel and unjust prejudice, while its main aim is to strengthen slavery by getting rid of a disaffected and idle class of free blacks. Dr. Nott of Mobile is very sorry, but he is sure the colony will be swallowed up in barbarism before long, on physiological principles, retrograding to the true African type. And Frederick Douglass, distrustful and hostile towards it by reason of ancient feud, is sure that this continent is the true field of development to the colored race. The real merit of the scheme, as touching slavery in America, is that it draws together Southern men by a humane motive, to do something, however little, which is better than nothing; while in the course of each year it gives an opportunity for a few hundred slaves to be emancipated, who would otherwise continue in hopeless bondage, — a number limited only by the limitation of the Society's funds. In all, it has led directly to the manumission of about five thousand slaves, being at present some four hundred a year, and indirectly (it is thought), of very many

more, — a very great mercy as far as it goes, but at best a scanty trimming at the edges of an evil that prodigiously outgrows it, year by year. In Africa, its aspect just now is a little more promising. It has almost or quite secured some seven hundred miles of coast against the slave-trade; it has established commerce with inland tribes, who pledge themselves by treaty to renounce that trade; it has set the example of a prosperous agricultural and trading settlement, conducted wholly by blacks, — a republic that rules out slavery by its constitution, takes some 200,000 native Africans under its tutelage, and testifies thus far most honorably to what the colored race can do when its bonds are taken off. To talk of colonization as *the* answer, or even *an* answer to the vast problem of American slavery, betrays ignorance, or worse. Still, it is by far the most important experiment now making, on the largest scale and under the best conditions, to prove the capacity of that race for self-development. It is an answer, at once and for ever (if successful), to the cruel and mocking assertion which taunts the African with hopeless inferiority of race, inspiring the largest confidence in its future destinies. It is a means of inestimable importance for civilizing Africa, and stopping off the slave-trade. It may even, in course of years, lead to a voluntary emigration on a great scale, and so be a real and sensible relief to perhaps the darkest point in the whole matter, — the outcast, ignominious, and hopeless condition of so many free blacks, both at the South and North.*

The Antislavery movement of the last five-and-twenty years has been a remarkable and heroic protest against the *guilt* of the slavery system. Its maxim has been, unsparing hostility to it as a sin, — a crime admitting neither palliation, excuse, nor compromise. This absolute, unqualified condemnation has been the single nerve of the movement. It was a protest of conscience, or it was nothing. Among ill-judging, ill-informed, and narrow-minded men, it has frequently degenerated into a flippant and ill-natured bigotry. Addressed to men who were conscious of no guilt, however much they might be op-

* For some further remarks on this subject, see *Christian Examiner* for September, 1848.

pressed with the calamity and peril, it has been met as frequently with violent resentment from one class, and sincere regret from others. To a degree, we do not see how it can be fairly denied that it has embarrassed the natural course of freedom at the South; since, in the bitterness and rage of controversy, it made many a man of milder temper shrink from the odium that beset the name of Abolitionist. At least, this is the judgment we have heard expressed, with manifold regrets, by emancipationists in Kentucky and Quakers in Maryland. Still, we should do justice to the sincere and heroic character of the protest. As the out-spoken voice of the world's conscience, it was one that could not have been avoided; and along with incidental evil, it has done essential good. For the most signal examples of patience under obloquy and boldness in imminent danger, hardly anything in modern times equals the record of the Antislavery movement in England and America. How nobly the Quakers bore their testimony in the South! What a picture of unpretending heroism is the life of Isaac Hopper! With what courage Lovejoy held the Alton mob at bay; and what a library of adventure, pathos, and romance might be made of the history of the "underground railroad"! We do not know, many of us, what a familiar thing personal danger has been in the campaigns of Antislavery lecturers, — pelted, some of them, and disabled for weeks by stones; their lives threatened; hazard, want, and suffering their portion for months, and the jail their only refuge from angry crowds; bread and water literally the fare for years of some of them, that the cost of their children's milk might go to the "cause of the slave." And what have they done? This at least, — they have drawn off that dangerous and fanatical rage of the populace, and made it safe for us to follow; they have spoken when a word was most likely the signal for a blow, and so have disarmed the fury of the blow; they have accustomed and compelled the public mind to the free handling of the subject; they have held up a mirror inexorably faithful to the faults and crimes of our public policy; they have set an example and standard of indomitable zeal; they have educated the people's conscience, and given a vast impulse in the direction of social reform generally; they have gathered, with an unwearied industry, materials

most rich and valuable, even when they have not always known the best use to be made of them. Wholly aside from the question of their accuracy of view, or the measure of justice they have dealt to their opponents, or their direct influence on the course of emancipation itself, such is their great service to the age. It was the protest of conscience against a great iniquity. It was a faithful rebuke to the sin of indifferentism. It came just when there was danger that the voice of justice and freedom would be drowned in the new promises of gain; it raised the standard of abstract and absolute right for the great movement that was to ensue in the direction of social justice.

The error of the Antislavery party — if to a sentiment so noble at heart we consent to give the name of error — is in assuming that a complicated social question is to be dealt with by purely moral considerations. It even derides and insults those who allow for any difficulties in the case excepting original depravity. It refuses to allow the slaveholder the plea of misfortune, embarrassment, or mistaken humanity; it will charge him only with crime. Admitting all it has to say, as criticism or moral appeal, we have to go elsewhere for practical instruction. Of itself, its lesson would be one of blank and terrible despair. The practical corollary of its demonstration would seem to be the counsel given of old to Job, "Curse God, and die." Its violent declamation compels a reaction to some view of human character and society less utterly appalling. The slaveholder cannot acknowledge the personal guilt it accuses, and will feel the weight of a thousand things which it refuses to see. In the great field of history, events are marshalled in another order, and governed by another set of principles, than those we discern when we look to our own consciousness alone. We must be content to learn, patiently and humbly, of the fact. We must correct our abstract judgment by knowledge of the events it is to pass upon, — as an astronomer is never weary of testing his theories of the celestial motions by daily and nightly observation. While true to our own best moral conviction, we must not disdain the labor, or refuse the patience, to trace out the slow and weary way, through the perplexities and fears of circumstance, by which the task is to be achieved, and the victory won.

Meanwhile, we do not believe in any infallible specific, in any sudden and universal remedy. The capacity for civilization and the true social destination of the African race itself are still matter of doubtful experiment. Then slavery has had too profound an influence on our social and political life to be done away suddenly, or to have its ill effects quickly abated. They will abide long, in the lack of manly honor and political faith; in the rancor of party spirit; in sectional jealousies and strifes; in the lowered tone of morals; in the hateful prejudice of color and caste; in the diminished standard of public virtue, and the dishonor in which the Republic stands before the world; in the long-deferred hope, the merciless persecution, the bitterness of competition, under which generations of the enslaved or free may have yet to suffer. All these are the penalty we must bear, (to say nothing of the possible forms of political strife,) for dragging with us into the light and enterprise of this century a system of organized injustice derived from a dark and barbarous age.

And again, as we plainly see, Providence uses more than one way of deliverance from a great evil. We know no reason why we should jealously defend or assail any one particular way that men have of honestly meeting the great peril of the time. Most likely, all who have wrought from a common motive will be found to have wrought for a common end. The course of Divine Providence setting towards the right, it is our part to study in its large features, that so we may better choose our own place and work in it.

And again, we do not share at all in the fear of some, that great dangers would come from the sudden gift of freedom. Inconvenience there would doubtless be, confusion of business relations and money-loss for a time, — possibly danger from strange competitions and responsibilities which the untrained freedmen must encounter; but to the dominant class, or the general welfare, danger certainly none at all, in comparison with what we may be blindly rushing on now. Sudden emancipation would seem infinitely better in the prospect, than hopeless slavery. As a rapid and summary way of dealing with the matter, as boldly cutting the knot which statesmen cannot untie, it were very greatly to be longed and prayed

for; and it may after all be the way taken at last. In such an event, we do not question that the powerful and elastic life of the country would speedily adapt itself to the new state of things, and outgrow any temporary embarrassment. The only objection we should dare to offer to such a consummation would be, that it is not a very likely one. Above all, it is not the course as yet accepted and urged by the Southern conscience. "If we considered only ourselves," says one whose sincerity we cannot question, "it would be an easy matter to achieve some sort of emancipation, and thus get rid of the negro. Such hasty shuffling off of responsibility might be applauded in Exeter Hall, and might win praises from unthinking men at the North. But if we are to do our duty wisely and humanely to the negro, we cannot set him free until we see that freedom will be a blessing for him." We shall recur briefly to this topic again before we close.

Neither do we conceive that much aid is to be had in this matter from the example of the British West Indies. We regret that we have been unable to procure the testimonies on which we relied, as to the latest fruits of emancipation in those islands. We believe that the advices are on the whole more and more favorable, particularly as to the capacity and improving condition of the emancipated blacks, and that a reaction from the long depression of property has already taken place. Of this, however, we cannot speak with all the confidence we should desire. Take the most unfavorable view we will, at any rate, the analogy between the two cases is very imperfect. Those were tropical colonies, wasted by a wretched system of absenteeism; their term of brief prosperity just expiring; their populations divided in interest, and united by little or none of that sympathy which springs up from daily intercourse; their social position outgrown and condemned by the morality, and vexed by the uncertain policy, of the mother country. Nothing in their condition was of a permanent sort, or native to the soil, and the ruling race was one which grew feverish and discontented in the tropic heats. A mistaken and disastrous policy had brought in a breed of black barbarians to make the working class; and when the time came that compelled some change, nothing was left to be decided by those most affected by it. The government

policy was dictated on the platform of British philanthropy: the fate of both parties was controlled by a remote and estranged class, that looked only to the abstract principle, or to political expediency at home. The consummation was right in theory, and events, as we firmly trust, are fast proving it right in fact; but at the time, it was perplexed by ignorance on one side, and disadvantage of position on the other. The case, therefore, offers hardly a single point of just analogy with what we know as American slavery.

Here, the bare act of emancipation is infinitely more difficult, because it must be the free act of those who will be most directly affected by it, in their interests or fears; while, for the same reason, it means vastly more, and its effects would be far more sure and safe. Two centuries of continued existence on the soil have developed in the plantation-life a type of society distinct and peculiar,—not easily understood by those familiar only with one radically different. It has its own characteristics, its own history and prospects. Though an anomaly in our political institutions, it yet claims its position among the communities of civilized men as an equal confederate; to stand by its own strength and merit, to rank fairly with the others in respect of average comfort and morality, and (like the rest) to have not only its dark but its brighter side. The virtues and vices it nourishes are its own; so too its characteristic substitutes for the common school and the jail. It must be judged as a whole, not by special sets of features. Free, or claiming to be so, from some social evils and dangers, it creates evils and dangers of its own. The fatal feature in its present aspect, to our thinking, is not only that it is a retrograde type of society, obsolete and outgrown by the higher civilization of the century, and out of keeping with the world's average advance, but that it is encroached on by other elements, which are fast destroying its strength, and rendering its old form of existence impossible. The "patriarchal" state, which is represented in the old-fashioned Creole or plantation life, does not consist with industrial and commercial enterprise. As soon as these come in, they crowd upon the old institution, and corrupt the ancient manners. They form new habits of living and thinking. They breed new codes of judg-

ment and discipline. They create new and strange rivalries. They gradually give birth to new and severer codes of domestic morality. Slavery comes into hopeless competition with the advancing civilization of a mechanic and commercial age. The peril it is undergoing at this moment is not from assaults upon it from abroad. From these it has little to fear. It is from the jealousy of an intelligent mechanic class at home; from the changes and casualties of trade; from the hardships engendered by the uncongenial state of things in which it finds itself, which more and more exasperate its temper, and undermine its support in men's habits and affections; from the harshness and cruelty that inevitably characterize it in stronger relief, as it comes more and more in collision with the spirit of the age; and, finally, from the sullen apathy towards it found among those to whom it is a burden without any profit, — that large and growing class in the border country (many of whom we have personally known), whose secret thought condemns it, whose principles of moral judgment are more and more trained another way. These are the great social forces that work against slavery at home. A retrograde and desperate policy tries in vain to fight against them. They are foes from within, that cannot be driven off or put down, any more than the organic dissolution that accompanies old age, or than the breeding fevers of a swamp. These forces are quite independent of the direct action of modern philanthropy. They are involved in the very structure and laws of human society itself. They are rapidly developing in the present condition of the political and business world. They are only helped or retarded, more or less, by any action that is had upon the subject abroad. Wholly irrespective of the moral movement that looks towards emancipation, they are going on steadily to accomplish their inevitable result.

And thus it is not a sudden act, but a long process of organic growth, to which alone the friends of freedom can look with any hope. It is a process that cannot be described in exact words, that cannot be prescribed by strict rules. It must come as it were spontaneously, like all great natural movements, and like all sound political and social ones. What of it lies within the compass of human direct agency is to be sketched out by thought-

ful, discreet, and resolute men, and carried through by wise and cautious statesmanship. To declaim about health will not do much towards removing disease, and may get up an unfair prejudice against the physicians. At best, the lay public can only remind them that their business is to restore or preserve health; the conditions of it must be laid down by competent physiologists. The details of this particular work it belongs elsewhere to consider; the principles of it are simply such as we must use, always and everywhere, in the education of the poor, the ignorant, and the weak. As to the slavery question, so called, the line of our personal duty is in general very narrow and very plain. Only very indirectly can the maxims of abstract morality be brought to bear on the practical affairs of state. Indirectly, yet after all powerfully. Conscience must work very slowly, through the avenues of judgment and will. "It may do much to amend the order of things that comes spontaneously, but only on condition of always respecting it."* Meanwhile, no amount of moral indignation can too vehemently condemn the brutalities that have been freshly practised in the name of law, or the moral cowardice that persists in shutting the great evil and its remedy out of sight.

Coming now to analyze our position a little more closely, we find that the direction in which we are to look for a practical and "positive" solution of our problem is three-fold; namely, political economy, moral or religious motive, and public law, which follows up and ratifies what the others have already begun. Nothing would so much aid us in a practical comprehension of our subject, as a clear knowledge of these three at the South. For ourselves, we cannot affect the intimate and thorough knowledge of them that we should wish. We must deal less in statistics than in impressions not hastily formed; in what we regard as a well-grounded judgment of general tendencies, rather than in assertion of detailed facts.

It is an error to say, as some do, that slavery is purely a matter of political economy, and that as soon as it ceases to pay it will cease to be. Moral considerations are often more powerful than economical. Power or class-

* Comte.

pride is with many men a far stronger motive than the chance of gain. Privilege, distinction, political preëminence, may well be bought, as the world goes, at a considerable money loss. Therefore we do not consider this view of the question as the all-important one that many do. Besides, in our statistics of gain and loss from slavery, we are apt to overlook the very obvious fact, that what makes a state poor may make an individual very rich. Slaveholding on a large scale must be immensely profitable to the master. And if the master has in his hands at the same time political influence and a monopoly of education, it is plain to see that the man, or the class he represents, will hold out long against the clearest proofs of a state's impoverishment and decay. Still, the economical view is one of first-rate importance, — an importance more and more felt, in proportion as exclusive privilege and pride of class decline. The slaveholding aristocracy of the South has unquestionably, of late years, suffered a loss and decline; something positively, since Calhoun has left behind him no equal or second, and with the loss of its accomplished champion the whole order seems to occupy a lower grade; but still more relatively, since slavery degenerates from the old type of plantation life, and becomes more than ever exposed to the inroads of hostile circumstance. The days of "chivalry" are gone. The age of economists and calculators has succeeded. Slavery is not so much a thing of tradition, opinion, dominion, and class-pride, as of profit and loss, of commerce, of cotton and of stocks, of speculators and traders. From its ancient type, still found in its greatest purity in Georgia and the Carolinas, — where it variously seeks to engraft upon itself the culture and enterprise of the nineteenth century, — it shades away on the north to the effete tobacco plantations of Maryland and Virginia, where (saving some oases of productiveness) slaves "do not earn the corn they eat," and can be most profitably raised, like cattle, for the market, — where estates fall daily into the gulf of insolvency, creating a twofold emigration southward, of bond and free, to make the vacuum and fill it; and on the southwest, to the sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana and Arkansas, where on one hand it is beset with the barbarisms of border-life, and on the other squanders its rich estate in the

reckless overworking of its hands, and the speculations of foreign trade. In both ways, it submits itself more and more to the inexorable pressure of economical laws, which declare slave labor to be thriftless and unprofitable in comparison with free. Meanwhile, white immigrants steadily drive back the negro from many sorts of labor in the Southern cities; and the enormously increased market-price of slaves portends either a revival of the foreign slave-trade, or (more likely) the substitution of free labor wherever climate and soil permit. When we consider that the increasing productiveness of the North absorbs not only the natural increase of its own population, but the bulk of the half-million immigrants that come yearly to our shore, while the annual increase of the slaves can hardly be set down at more than a hundred thousand, we have the data for calculating the immense disproportion of demand and supply, which will compel the South to recruit its forces from some other source than the Virginia market. It begins already to be surmised that Chinese would be cheaper laborers than negroes, and the Dutch can even brave (we have heard it said) the perils of the rice-swamp; while the Germans of the Texan uplands have already undersold slave labor in the cotton market. The nation will scarce tolerate the enormity of restoring a traffic which would engulf the entire South with fresh floods of barbarism; and the only alternative is to enlarge the domain of free labor at the South. Nomadic propagandists may seek possession of the new soil of Kansas, and slavery may even penetrate California by our costly highway of the Mesilla Valley, darkening our political prospects for a generation to come. But we believe that slavery at home does not succeed in evading those economical laws (of which we have cited a few illustrations) that will certainly work its radical transformation, if not its overthrow.

And next, we note the advance of moral sentiments and ideas at the South. We know the uncertainty that clings about testimony on such a point, and would speak with all necessary qualification. Nevertheless, there are some points which we can adduce with a good deal of confidence. There is always a large proportion, in slave districts, of those who feel a hearty sympathy with that tide of general sentiment which throughout the civilized

world sets so strongly against the system. These are antislavery at heart, and welcome the efforts made for freedom, in whatever quarter. No espionage of a slave police will keep them down, or conquer their antipathy to the great wrong. Cassius Clay does not stand alone. The emancipation party in Kentucky, though powerless at the polls, claims very much of the intellectual and moral strength of the State; and the new inroad into Nebraska, they say, was a flank movement, to check the too rapid advance of freedom in Missouri. The privilege of free debate has at least been asserted. Men's tongues are loosed, their conscience more free to act. We have listened to as fervid denunciation of the guilt of slavery at a Quaker meeting in Maryland, as ever from a Massachusetts platform, — where, a few years previous, Lucretia Mott was warned that she spoke too boldly. Especially in the large upland districts, westward of the Alleghany range, there is mainly free labor, free thought, and a growing sense of power, not yet well organized to political ends. This great adversary at home has already foiled the slave power in one or two conflicts on its own soil.* It will doubtless grow more intelligent and independent year by year, and become the strong citadel of freedom in the heart of the South.

But not this alone; and not only that pressure from abroad in the roused and indignant conscience of the Christian world. It is as ridiculous as it is unjust, to represent the slave-masters as mere tyrants, or speculators in the limbs of men. Kind feeling springs up where human intercourse is so near and constant. For personal kindness and real affection towards the blacks, the Southerners are as much superior to us, as we hold them to be inferior in the abstract sense of justice and right. Every one who has been at the South knows how this kindness shows itself in a thousand ways, to the shame of the shy and awkward prejudice which a Northerner is almost sure to manifest. This personal regard towards the slaves has doubtless its effect in leading to a truer recognition of their rights. Their treatment, on the whole, as we see no reason to disbelieve, is better year by year, and far better now than a generation ago. Increase of

* We allude to the districting of Virginia a few years ago, and the defeat of Disunion in Georgia.

wealth is in part the cause of this, and in part it may be due to the vigilant and suspicious conscience of the world. But it is also a spontaneous sentiment with the slaveholders themselves, whom, it seems not unreasonable to suppose, God may have endowed with conscience and human feeling something like our own. That conscience and human feeling must experience the powerful reaction that ours does, at the unspeakable cruelty and infamy that have marked the dark history of the Fugitive Law in practice, — as we know in individual cases that it does. An accomplished Carolinian writes: "Could I find any refuge and prospect of amelioration for the black man, I should be the first to desire his removal from the arbitrary power of the white; but I am met by darkness everywhere." And again: "The South has been unduly irritated and unduly sensitive. At least, a constant battling against interference from abroad has occupied minds that might otherwise have been devoted to the improvement of the dependent class. I think it is quite time for the South to put aside such excuses, and occupy herself more zealously at home. I think she is doing so now." The same sense of justice that leads to many an act of generous emancipation, is shown too in the increasing efforts to instruct the slaves mentally and religiously.* It is easy to sneer at the small amount of instruction given, and the base quality it too often bears. But this is clear, that the better conscience of the South is by no means blind to the duty; that the vices of barbarians, which slavery has hitherto neglected, more and more

* We copy from a private letter: "It is just as natural to see slaves read books on the door-steps, theatre-bills, steamboat-bills, &c. on the public corners, as it is to see their masters do so. Such is the difference between law and public sentiment. For many years there have been established by municipal authority in Charleston four or five Free-colored schools, with white teachers, and numbering from forty to eighty pupils each. I have visited some of these, and find there taught every English branch of education, as well as Latin, French, music, and other ornamental branches. Now these educated children are all connected with slave families, many the children of slaves; they associate constantly with slaves, and not with whites; and this very easily explains the fact that so many read, write, and reason well. It is the same in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia, and every place where I have had opportunity of witnessing the opportunities of negroes in general." We have seen pamphlets urging the Christian guardianship and instruction of slaves in Georgia, by precisely the same motives and appeals by which we are accustomed to urge the same for the neglected classes in our own streets.

shock the better feeling ; that at the very least, the rudest culture brings the slave into contact with more cultivated minds, — all the nearer because taught orally, — and so insensibly prepares him for freedom. The instinct and hope of liberty make the burden of the slaves' passionate petitions or exhortations, as we have heard them in their religious meetings, — liberty of soul, which is the herald of completer social liberty. Their churches are often charitable associations, pledged to mutual aid in the purchase of their freedom. The deep instinct and desire must be nourished, though unawares, by the kindness and culture which we believe to be steadily extending in the South ; and these are among the influences which will hereafter work powerfully towards the establishment of more equal rights.

As the economical and moral motive must in the natural course of things anticipate the statute that ratifies and enforces it, perhaps we ought not to wonder at the aversion which the Southerners have testified hitherto towards putting their own professed convictions in legal form, — or that laws should even grow more merciless, in proportion as they have a more powerful public sentiment to stem. Certainly the worst feature in slavery as it is, is that the laws are behind the general conscience, and play into the hands of base and brutal men. Public sentiment at the South, we are told, condemns the trading system ; yet the law upholds it. It is the law that authorizes the violent parting of families and sale of children, — a thing which the most noted slave-trader in the country mendaciously assured us, ten years ago, was abhorrent to his principles and against his practice. Now the law that so plays into the hands of the worst of men, — that so favors and upholds precisely the most odious features of the system that all are united to condemn, — it will be the last triumph of justice to enlist upon its side. Conscience already works in a thousand ways to neutralize and evade inhuman laws ; it must work also to repeal them. Just now, by their cruel caprice, a judge must sentence a woman to jail, for the same offence that perhaps he is proud of in his own home. Where legislation so lags behind public sentiment in the plainest matters of detail, we can scarce expect promptness and intrepidity in meeting the matter of slavery itself in

gross. Evidently, emancipation cannot be a sudden or a single thing in the United States, as it was in the West Indies. Whatever we might wish about it, it is plain to see as fact, that it must be one step at a time, in one State at a time. Even this we do not believe will be taken with the conscious purpose of doing slavery away: that will be the unforeseen result of measures taken with quite another view. But if law keeps pace tolerably with the advance of general sentiment, we are sure the work will be done, — so easily that one will scarce know how or when, — only let the conscience be a c
tured, and true. Than this we certainly can have no other reliance; and the action of it we cannot dictate or forestall to any great advantage. Every man must feel his own way along, among the perplexities of practical difficulties and practical dangers. His own habits of thought, his own style of conviction, must be rigidly respected by any who would do him service.

Now let us remember that the Southern assertion is not of absolute "property in man," — indeed, the law knows no such thing as absolute right of property, of any sort, — only, limitation of his rights; his time, labor, strength, may be sold in the market to the highest bidder, but the master is in theory responsible to the law for his slave's life and humane treatment; however low the standard of justice and mercy, it is meant to define the treatment of a man, not of a brute or a thing. Take the law at its word, accept the theory which it assumes, extend its application a little, and you are already on the high road to emancipation; which, in its completed form, is simply to substitute the guardianship of law for the domination of a master. The right of life and limb being already recognized, — a man has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for "mayhem," or mutilation of a slave, — consistency as well as humanity demands the right of family, the claim of wife and child; and Southern journals are already demanding that the sale of slaves shall be so limited by law. Again, the right of property is so far recognized, that an injunction may be laid on the sale of a slave, in case he has paid a certain sum towards his own freedom: one step further, and the earnings now granted him by indulgence may be secured him by law, and self-emancipa-

tion not only permitted, but encouraged, by the State ; — what a relief to the darkest wrong of slavery ! what a stimulus to the nobler nature of the black man ! Again, the policy of the Gulf States, dreading too great multiplication of slaves, looks even now towards the prohibiting of their importation, — a measure recommended, we believe, by the Governors of two of those States. This policy, by its tendency to localize slavery, and especially to limit the traffic among the States, and secure the slave from violent seizure and the dreadful chances of the market, is further fortified by the proposal to exempt property in slaves from attachment, and so make it valueless to pay off the debts of an estate. Should these indications be followed up by actual legislation, the most critical step of all will be as good as taken ; which is, to exchange slavery for serfdom, securing a legal homestead, and giving to the bondman a portion in the soil. The Quakers have already set the example of liberating their slaves and employing them as hired laborers, assigning them, at the same time, definite allotments of land ; an example which, when followed, will bring the black to the condition of the European peasantry. Once embarked on a career of liberty and improvement, there is no degree of education or social progress towards which the hopes of the colored race might not aspire. And the particular step just mentioned, we have heard a very intelligent Southerner anticipate, must take place in some States within a quarter of a century.

It is somewhat thus, as nearly as we may conjecture, that law will follow up and secure the steps painfully won by the enlightened interest and instructed conscience of the South. Not that this precise course will be followed, distinctly, consciously, or with anything like equal steps. But such in brief outline appears to be the normal and natural course of things towards the practical solution of this darkest social problem, — if only there should be an unobstructed field ; if only wisdom, fidelity, and humanity, to answer each instant call of duty as it comes. Once look the matter fairly in the face, and the terror of it is gone. Once accept its practical conditions, and the bitterness of controversy, the rancor of sectional jealousy, have no more a place. Are we disdainful and impatient that the process should be so moderate and slow ? Let

us ask ourselves, then, with only the slightest real knowledge of the case, what a sudden act of emancipation means. Not that it might not be effected easily enough, did men seriously desire it and set about it. Not that it means disorder and blood ; — we have no apprehension of that, let it only be the free act of those who alone have power to grant it. But it is plain enough to see, that the alternative *immediate emancipation or nothing* means practically the second of the two : it means nothing, — perhaps worse, for it disguises the true issue that is to be met. Let men fall back on their prejudice, ignorance, and fear, let them leave untouched the points of right that meet them practically now, and they leave the result to dark uncertainty, the probable solution of disaster and blood, the shipwreck of republican hopes, and the ruin of civilization on that sunny and luxuriant soil. Let them meet the question with an honest mind to answer it, — let them put each human right into clear shape, organize it in institutions, establish it by law, — and the mystery and the terror disappear. “Impossibilities recede as experience advances.” The gates of the great Future are thrown open. The dreadful problem resolves itself into an ascending scale of duties to be bravely done, of rights which come one by one to take their place as facts and laws.

Let us then look the matter in the face, without a prejudice unworthy of our Christian training, without a fear unworthy of our republican blood ! These Africans came here not by their own choice. It was unwillingly, with violence and cruelty, with base treachery and brutal force, that they were dragged from their native coast. It was for our advantage they came ; for, in the difficult transition that has brought us where we are, they have formed the lowest tier of our civilization, and as slaves have helped to give riches and support to the fabric of our freedom. Their place in the social scale is coming to be occupied in part by others of foreign blood, to whom we give an equal share in the rights and privileges of the state. There can be no complete solution to the vexed question of slavery, no sufficient atonement of its accumulated wrong, till the same liberal justice is held out to these also. The enfranchised African will yet have his definite place and work in the free Republic of the fu-

ture. We cannot drive him from our shores. We must not incur the danger and guilt of perpetual injustice. Our own share in the work may be very distant and very indirect. But simply, clearly, with an eye open to the fact, with a conscience to discern between good and evil, with a courageous and consistent fidelity to its highest conception of social justice and humanity, may our people prove itself worthy of its place in history and competent to the task laid upon it, — to resist, restrain, refuse the wrong, in every shape, to establish and defend the right, and so work out the peaceable and just result.

J. H. A.

ART. V. — BARTLETT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.*

MR. BARTLETT's official duties as Commissioner of the United States under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo were not limited to the mere act of ascertaining and marking the boundary line between Mexico and this country. But he was also authorized, whenever it could be done without delaying the progress of the survey, to avail himself of every opportunity for acquiring information in regard to the geography, history, mineral wealth, and general condition of the comparatively unknown region along the Rio Gila and the southern border of New Mexico. In pursuance of these instructions he not only passed over nearly the whole line from El Paso del Norte on the Rio Grande to San Diego in California, the initial point on the Pacific; but he also made several extended journeys in the northern part of Mexico. The results of these explorations are comprised in the elegant volumes before us, and will be found to embrace much valuable and authentic information upon the various points enumerated in his instructions. In general, carefully abstaining from any reference to the unfortunate

* *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, during the Years 1850, '51, '52, and '53.* By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, United States Commissioner during that Period. In two volumes, with Map and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. xxii. and 506, xvii. and 624.

dissensions which disturbed the harmony of the Commission, and leaving the strictly scientific results for a future publication, he has given us a personal narrative of much interest, interspersed with brief notices of the principal towns visited, and with remarks on the geographical features, natural productions, and present condition of the surrounding country. His style is generally simple, unassuming, and perspicuous; but it has few rhetorical graces, and is sometimes disfigured by careless and inelegant expressions. This defect, however, is doubtless due to the hurried and unfavorable circumstances under which much of the book was evidently written, though something must also be charged to the obvious inefficiency of the proof-reader.

A chief object which Mr. Bartlett appears to have proposed to himself in these volumes was the preparation of a reliable guide-book for overland emigrants to California. With this view he has given minute details of each day's journey, with particular reference to the places where grass, water, and wood may be obtained. His special attention to this useful but comparatively humble purpose must render his work of the utmost value to all who are interested in the subject of a direct communication with our possessions upon the Pacific coast. But it has somewhat diminished the interest of the volumes to the general reader, by compelling the author to omit much of the valuable geological and botanical information obtained by different members of the Commission, and nearly all the results of his own ethnological investigations. The more important information, however, acquired in pursuing the last line of inquiry, is to be embodied in a separate memoir; and it is to be hoped that Congress will make suitable provision for the early publication of all the scientific facts obtained during the protracted labors of the survey. Such a publication can hardly fail to advance the cause of physical science and to reflect credit upon all concerned in it. The collections in some of the departments of natural history were remarkably complete, and have been pronounced of great value by those who have examined them. Some account of these collections is given by Mr. Bartlett in his closing chapter. He has also added to his narrative three brief but instructive papers on the natural history of the coun-

try traversed by the Commission, on its adaptation for the construction of a railroad, and on the introduction of camels for the purpose of transportation on the great deserts of New Mexico. In the Appendix are several documents relating to points connected with his official duties.

The first Commissioner under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was the Hon. John B. Weller, now a Senator of the United States from California. This gentleman established the initial point of the boundary on the Pacific, and thence traced the line between Upper and Lower California as far as the junction of the Colorado and the Gila. But before this portion of the boundary had been fully marked Mr. Weller was removed by President Taylor, and Colonel J. C. Frémont was selected to fill the vacancy. He was, however, soon after his appointment chosen a member of the Senate, and resigned the office without entering upon the actual discharge of its duties; and early in the summer of 1850, Mr. Bartlett was appointed his successor. The time for the adjourned meeting of the joint Commission had been fixed for the first Monday in November, at El Paso del Norte, and only a few weeks were therefore available for the preliminary arrangements before leaving New York. Yet so active and energetic was our author in his preparations, that he was enabled to reach Indianola, upon Matagorda Bay, on the last day of August. From this point he proceeded with all practicable despatch by way of San Antonio and Fredericksburg to El Paso, where he arrived on the 13th of November, several days in advance of General Condé, the Mexican Commissioner.

The route which Mr. Bartlett followed passes through the central and western portions of Texas, and presents every variety of soil and climate. For the first two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles the soil is fruitful and productive; and for nearly the whole of this distance wood, water, and grass are found in abundance. But beyond this point the whole face of the country changes. Trees and shrubs disappear, and even the watercourses and rivers are dried up. Nothing can exist there except the thorny chaparral, which forms the only species of vegetation in nearly the whole of this immense region. "At the head-waters of the Concho," says Mr. Bartlett, "begins that great desert region, which,

with no interruption save a limited valley or bottom land along the Rio Grande, and lesser ones near the small courses mentioned, extends over a district embracing sixteen degrees of longitude, or about a thousand miles, and is wholly unfit for agriculture." * It is entirely destitute of timber except in the gorges of the more lofty mountains or upon their summits, and "is a desolate barren waste, which can never be rendered useful for man or beast, save for a public highway." † And this description, we may add, includes every square foot of the territory recently purchased from Mexico by the treaty commonly but improperly called the Gadsden Treaty. Even in regard to that small but famous tract known as the Mesilla Valley, we are told that "not one tenth part can ever be regularly and successfully cultivated, owing to the uncertainty of the supply of water." ‡

At El Paso, Mr. Bartlett remained for about four months; but he made only one excursion into the neighboring country, except upon matters of business connected with his official position. This was to the Waco Mountains, in a remarkably grand and picturesque region, which he had already passed on the way to El Paso. These mountains rise to a considerable height from a plain thickly strewn with immense granite boulders, and filled with cavernous recesses which have long been favorite places of resort for the Indians. In many places the overhanging rocks are covered with hieroglyphics and other figures painted in different colors; and there are also several circular holes cut to a considerable depth in the solid granite, which were undoubtedly used by the aborigines for the purpose of pounding corn. Besides these relics of ancient art, the mountain ravines contain many interesting plants, especially fitted to live in so rough and inaccessible a region; but there are few birds, and only some of the lowest forms of animated life.

El Paso is situated in a fertile district on the western, or Mexican, bank of the Rio Grande, and extends for several miles along the river,—each house being surrounded by cultivated grounds irrigated by means of artificial canals. The soil is very fertile and productive;

* Vol. I. p. 139.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 188.

and several of the cereals, vegetables, and fruits are cultivated with much success. Grapes are raised to a considerable extent; and there are numerous and valuable vineyards in the town and its vicinity, producing large quantities of wine and brandy. The population is divided into two distinct classes by strongly marked barriers. The first consists of the descendants of the old Spanish families, who still retain their ancestral pride and dignity, and are, according to the measure of their advantages, intelligent and cultivated persons. In the other class are comprised the great majority of the inhabitants, a mixed and degraded race, possessing few virtues and many vices. The dress and habits of the people are the same that prevail in all the Spanish American colonies. Smoking, as is usual, "is indulged in by all classes, and by both sexes. It is not considered proper, however, for young gentlemen or ladies to smoke before their parents."* And the same mark of respect was noticed at an entertainment where the bishop of a distant diocese was present. Of the domestic arrangements of the people, Mr. Bartlett gives the following description:—

"The houses at El Paso are all of one story, and built of *adobe*, i. e. the mud of the valley formed into bricks from twelve to eighteen inches long, and four inches thick, and baked in the sun. This material, with slight repairs, will endure for centuries. Sometimes chopped straw and gravel are mixed with it, which greatly improves its quality. The houses of the better classes are large, and built in the form of a hollow square. The walls are from two to three feet in thickness, and have but few openings. When plastered and whitewashed they look very neat, and make comfortable dwellings. All the floors are laid with mud, concrete, or brick. Such a thing as a wooden floor is unknown in the country. This mode of building is precisely that adopted by the ancient Assyrians, and practised at the present day on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. From the East the style was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and by the Spaniards was taken to Mexico. Moorish capitals and ornaments are still visible, both in the fine dwelling and the humble cottage, in Northern Mexico. There is a venerable looking church here, constructed of adobe, which the cura, Ramon Ortiz, informed me had been built more than two hundred years.

* Vol. I. p. 192. *

“Window-glass is not used here. The ordinary dwellings of the poorer class have no windows. The larger ones are entered by a large gateway, and have a few barred openings on the street. The other three sides present externally an unbroken and prison-like appearance. To all other parts of the house the light is admitted through windows or doors opening on the inner area. As the period is short during which the weather requires the houses to be closed, the occupants make them sufficiently warm by covering the opening with muslin or white cotton. Fires are but little used, except for cooking; and although it is cold enough at times, the people manage to get along somehow through the winter without them.” — Vol. I. pp. 188–190.

From El Paso our author's course lay westward, to the Copper Mines of New Mexico, through a country similar in its general features to that already described, but infested by hostile Indians. The journey offered but little of interest and variety, except some curious isolated sandstone rocks upon the banks of the Rio Mimbres, and a remarkable hot spring in the same vicinity. This spring is situated upon the summit of a large mound formed of tufa, and elevated about thirty feet above the surrounding level. The water is apparently pure and free from the usual gases found in warm springs, and though the temperature reaches one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit it is not disagreeable to the taste. At a short distance upon the side of the same mound is another warm spring of a lower temperature, and containing freshwater plants and insects. The country on this portion of the line is of great mineral wealth, particularly in sulphurets and oxides of copper; and there are several mines formerly wrought by the Mexicans. Most of the shafts, however, are now filled up, and the mines are entirely deserted; but it is believed that they might be profitably worked if there were greater facilities for conveying the copper to market.

While the Commission was engaged at the Copper Mines in making astronomical observations, and upon other duties connected with the survey, Mr. Bartlett took a short journey into Sonora as far as Arispe. This place was formerly the capital of the State, and a town of considerable importance; but it has lost this distinction through the frequent incursions of the Indians and the political commotions which have so blasted the prosperity

of the whole country, and it now numbers only about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It still retains, however, many indications of its former wealth. Its buildings are of a better class than are generally found in Northern Mexico; and many of them are built of stone. There is also a fine church containing many good pictures, but now much neglected and fast falling to decay. Our author attended mass in it, "and found the church filled almost exclusively with women. The music was performed by a band in which clarionets predominated, and we recognized among the tunes several of our popular Ethiopian airs, such as 'Dearest May.' The singing was performed by two girls, who seemed to have perfected themselves in the art under the tuition of the Chinese."*

A considerable part of the country is rough, barren, and parched, producing nothing of value and interest to the traveller. In other places the soil is remarkably fertile and well-watered; though the sure marks of misgovernment and ill-management are everywhere manifest. In describing one of the villages situated upon a barren plateau at the extremity of a beautiful valley, Mr. Bartlett thus refers to a striking fact, that seems worthy of notice as illustrating the character of the people:—

"At the western extremity of this valley, on a spur of the plateau, stood the village of *Bacuachi*. This is a peculiarity of all Mexican towns on the frontier. Farmers do not build their ranchos or houses on their arable lands, but congregate on the desert table-land, elevated from thirty to a hundred feet above the adjacent valley from which they derive their subsistence. The great end of security is thus attained at the sacrifice of all comfort and convenience; no trees or shrubbery grow about the houses, nor is a blade of grass to be seen, but a glaring reflection from the light, gravelly soil strikes the eye, which is doubtless one cause of so many diseases of that organ. A house surrounded by foliage with a grassy lawn, which makes a country residence so attractive, even though it is but a humble cottage, is unknown here. Indeed, these people at present know not what comfort is; but with their rich soil and the advantages of irrigation, a few years only of peace and safety would be required to make these beautiful valleys the most charming abodes imaginable." — Vol. I. pp. 275, 276.

* Vol. I. p. 283.

After his return, Mr. Bartlett remained at the Copper Mines for about two months. During this time he had frequent intercourse with the Apache Indians, and gained much information in regard to them. At first they seemed disposed to maintain peaceable relations with the Commission; but in the end they made frequent forays upon the encampment, and drove off a considerable number of cattle and mules. With a few exceptions they are a miserable race, greatly inferior to the other Indian tribes, and with "a treacherous, fiendish look which well expressed their true character." * They perform no labor, and live wholly by plundering the Mexican villages, or by an occasional attack on some emigrant train as it passes through the mountain defiles. Their dress is miserable and scanty in the extreme. A shirt and a pair of deer-skin boots are considered quite sufficient by nearly all the men; and there are many who are satisfied with even less than this, though there are also some who array themselves in all the stolen finery they can procure. Whilst he remained at the Copper Mines, Mr. Bartlett secured the freedom of two young Mexican boys, who had been stolen from their parents by the Indians, and who now made their escape to the American camp. He also procured the release of a young Mexican girl alleged to have been purchased by a party of New-Mexican traders, in whose company she was found. All three were subsequently returned to their families, after considerable difficulty and delay.

Upon breaking up the encampment, Mr. Bartlett made a second journey into Sonora as far as Ures, the present capital of the State, where he was detained for several weeks by severe sickness. His course for the first fortnight lay in a westerly direction to the San Pedro River, through a rough and generally barren country, which now forms a part of our own territory. Then, turning south, he passed through or near Santa Cruz, La Magdalena, and several other Mexican villages; but the journey offered little that need detain us. At Santa Cruz gratuitous medical advice was given to many of the inhabitants who were sick, and some surgical operations were also performed without charge. But gratitude seems not

* Vol. I. p. 327.

to have been one of the virtues most cultivated ; and our travellers were annoyed by many petty thefts. " Meat was stolen from the pot in which it was cooking ; blankets were taken from the men while asleep ; and all the ropes and iron stake-pins that secured our animals were carried off." * On the road to La Magdalena many ranchos were passed which had been abandoned through fear of the Indians, and on all sides were indications of the insecurity of life and property. In La Magdalena our travellers witnessed a grand celebration in honor of Saint Francis, to whom the church, a new and imposing edifice, is dedicated, which was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony that the means of the people would permit. They also attended the great fair, which is held in the same week, and draws together a large concourse of people, who spend most of their time in dancing and gambling.

Ures is a well-built town in a rich valley upon the banks of the Sonora River, and is a place of some importance. It was originally selected by the Jesuits for a missionary station, and the remains of a large church still exist which was left unfinished at the time of their expulsion. The town is regularly laid out in squares, with a large *plaza*, contains a prison and the legislative hall, and supports a weekly newspaper. The houses are built of adobe, and though they have only one story, many of them are eighteen feet in height, and are plastered and colored upon the outside. The principal agricultural products are pumpkins, corn, wheat, beans, and chili. Cotton and the sugar-cane are also cultivated to some extent ; and fruits of various kinds are abundant. The principal part of the labor, both in the fields and within the town, is performed by the Yaquis, a tribe of Indians who were among the first converts of the Jesuit missionaries, and are described as being faithful, honest, and industrious. Yet it is said that when the country was first settled they were extremely fierce and warlike ; " but on being converted to Christianity, their savage nature was completely subdued, and they became the most docile and tractable of people." † Such and so mighty is the power of Christian civilization even when

* Vol. I. p. 410.

† Ibid. p. 443.

allied with dogmatic errors and superstitious practices. These Indians were taught various mechanical occupations by the Jesuits, in which they acquired much skill; and they built many of the chief edifices in the State, and contributed largely to the support of the missionaries. A similar account is also given of the Opates, another large tribe of Indians engaged in agricultural pursuits. Much valuable information was obtained by Mr. Bartlett in regard to them and several other tribes. Indeed, at different times he obtained vocabularies of two hundred words each from more than twenty different tribes; and his ethnological researches appear to have been almost invariably crowned with success.

After a long and wearisome illness Mr. Bartlett at length took his departure from Ures on the 29th of December, 1851, by way of Hermosillo, for Guaymas, a port of considerable trade on the Gulf of California. The portion of Sonora through which he now passed exhibits the same strong contrasts of rich valleys and desert plains that are seen in those parts of the State he had already visited. Hermosillo is one of the best-built and most attractive-looking towns in the State; and the land in its immediate vicinity is of great fertility, yielding abundant harvests and producing many fruits. But between this place and Guaymas the country is without water and scarcely fit even for grazing. Guaymas has one of the best harbors on the gulf, and contains some fine houses and many large stores; but the soil is so parched and barren, that nothing can be raised within a distance of many miles. Its trade has greatly increased within a few years; but American goods are still very scarce in the shops, and almost everything is of French or English manufacture. The streets are lighted at night, and the whole aspect of the place indicates more activity and energy than are usually found in a Mexican community. Here our author embarked in a small vessel for Acapulco, stopping for several days at the important port of Mazatlan; and at Acapulco he took the steamer for San Diego, where he arrived on the 9th of February. Upon his arrival he immediately joined the main body of the Commission, who had come across the country from the Gila, by land, about a month before, and were now encamped a few miles from the town.

Several weeks were spent here in pasturing the mules, which had been greatly injured by their hard work and poor feed, and in making some necessary purchases of provisions and equipment preparatory to a return along the line of the boundary to the Gulf of Mexico. During this delay Mr. Bartlett visited San Francisco, and made brief excursions to the beautiful and fertile Napa Valley, to the remarkable geysers of the Pluton River, and to the quicksilver mines of New Almaden. Of these we have very full and interesting descriptions; but we can extract only a portion of the account of the quicksilver mines.

"New Almaden consists exclusively of the buildings belonging to the company which owns the quicksilver mine. It embraces furnaces, store-houses, dwelling-houses for the officers and laborers, offices, mechanics' shops, etc. Many of them are of wood; but a large and fine range of substantial brick buildings is now in the process of erection, to take the place of the wooden ones. The novelty of the business of extracting the quicksilver from the cinnabar required a number of experiments, involving a very heavy expenditure; for there was but one other mine in the world, that of Almaden in Spain, where the operation was carried on on a large scale, and it could not be expected that a rival company like this, whose operations would effectually destroy the monopoly the latter had for ages enjoyed, would be permitted to derive any information from their long experience. Machinery of various kinds was therefore imported from England and the United States at enormous cost, much of which has since been rejected, either on account of the great expense of running it, or its inadequacy to perform the service required. Six furnaces are now in operation reducing the ore, all of which seem to be alike, and of the most simple construction. On these furnaces the ore is heaped. A steady, though not very strong fire, is then applied. As the ore becomes heated, the quicksilver is sublimed; and then, being condensed, it falls by its own weight, and is conducted by pipes which lead along the bottom of the furnace to small pots or reservoirs imbedded in the earth, each containing from one to two gallons of the ore. The furnaces are kept going night and day, while large drops or minute streams of the pure metal are constantly trickling down into the receptacles. From these it is carried to the store-house, and deposited in large cast-iron tanks or vats. These are of various shapes and sizes, and are fixed in solid beds of stone and mortar. The largest, a square vat between four and five feet across, contained twenty tons of pure quicksilver. By way of illustrating the great

specific gravity of this metal, a board was placed on it, upon which I sat, thus floating upon a bed of quicksilver; yet my weight did not sink the board to the depth of a quarter of an inch. On thrusting my bare arm into this vat, a most singular and chilling sensation was produced. I then took a stick of light and porous wood, which I immersed for about a minute; and when I withdrew it, the metal had penetrated through every portion of it, so that in weight it was little less than the quicksilver itself."—Vol. II. pp. 57, 58.

The metal is put up in large wrought-iron flasks or canisters containing about seventy-five pounds each, and closed by a screw. It is then ready to be transported to San Francisco, a distance of a little more than fifty miles, whence it is exported to various parts of the world. The quantity produced is estimated at a million pounds per annum, and is valued at more than \$600,000. The entrance of the mines is near the top of a steep mountain, and at an elevation of about a thousand feet above the store-houses. When our author visited them all the cinnabar and rock had to be raised to the surface by means of the shafts, a distance of nearly three hundred feet, before the ore could be conveyed to the furnaces. But a tunnel was then cutting through the side of the mountain, which would greatly facilitate the working of the mine and consequently diminish the first cost of transportation. About two hundred men are employed in the various operations, who live in a little village near the summit of the mountain and at a short distance from the mines. Their health, as might be anticipated, suffers materially from their noxious labors. "Salivation is common," says Mr. Bartlett, "and the attendants on the furnaces are compelled to desist from their labor every three or four weeks, when a fresh set of hands is put on. The horses and mules are also salivated; and from twenty to thirty of them die every year from the effects of the mercury."* But it is a curious fact, that the miners themselves, and those who merely handle the cinnabar, do not experience any evil effects from it.

All the preparations for resuming operations in the field were now complete; and towards the end of May the Commission started upon their return to El Paso.

*Vol. II. p. 66.

After crossing the great desert which lies along a portion of the southern border of California, and which is described as being even more desolate than any that had yet been seen, they reached Fort Yuma, at the junction of the Colorado and Gila, early in June. Thence they continued their course eastward, along the boundary line, to the villages of the Coco-Maricopa and Pimo Indians, where they remained for some time. On the journey from Fort Yuma, and also at several other places, our travellers saw many specimens of the *petahaya*, or giant cactus, of which Mr. Bartlett gives a very full and interesting description. We have room, however, for only a single extract.

"This curious plant," he says, "is found on the high tablelands on either side of the Gila, and in various parts of the State of Sonora, growing often in the crevices of rocks, and in other situations where it would seem difficult for any vegetable production to find sustenance. The forms it assumes are various; sometimes rising like a simple fluted column, although more frequently it is furnished with several branches, which, after leaving the main trunk, turn gracefully upwards and rise parallel with it. Sometimes the branches are singularly contorted; but usually their disposition is symmetrical, and the appearance of the whole plant has been, not inaptly, compared to that of a giant candelabrum. The stem is from one foot to two feet six inches in diameter, usually smaller near the base, and from twenty to fifty feet in height. This immense column is admirably strengthened by a circle of ribs of strong and elastic wood, which are imbedded in the cellular mass of the plant, several inches within the circumference, and extend to the roots. This woody portion remains after the fleshy substance of the plant decays, looking like a huge skeleton. The stem is marked with longitudinal furrows, which are shallow towards the ground, and deeper and more numerous towards the summit; and above the ribs it is thickly set with clusters of spines or thorns. Of these, there are six large and numerous small ones, in each cluster. As the plant increases in age, the larger spines fall off, leaving a ray of smaller ones, which lie close to the stem.

"Most travellers who have noticed this *cereus* have not been fortunate enough to see the fruit and flower, but have derived their accounts of them from the Indians. On our passage across the country in September, October, November, and December, we saw the tree; and on our return in June and July, we had the satisfaction of beholding the fruit in perfection, and occasional specimens of the flower. The plant probably blooms late

in May or early in June; and the fruit is matured in July and August. The flowers are borne on the summits of the branches, are three inches in diameter, and about the same in length. The petals are stiff and curling, and of a cream-white color. The stamens are yellow, and very numerous. The fruit is about the size and shape of an egg; sometimes rather longer than the true egg-shape, having a few small scales, without spines. The color of the fruit is green tinged with red, when fully ripe. It consists of an outer coat or skin filled with a red pulp, inclosing numerous small, black, smooth seeds. The fruit, when mature, bursts at the top and exposes the pulp, which at this time is rather mawkish to the taste; but a few days' exposure to the sun dries it to about one third its original bulk, and the whole mass drops out of the skin. In this state it has the consistency of the pulp of a dried fig; and the saccharine matter being concentrated by drying, it somewhat resembles that fruit in taste. The Pimo and other Indians collect the pulp and roll it into balls; in which state it probably keeps the whole year, as it was offered to our party which passed through in January. They also boil the pulp, and evaporate it to the consistency of molasses; after which it is preserved in earthen jars." — Vol. II. pp. 189 – 191.

Upon the banks of the Gila a great number of sculptured rocks were also seen; but our author regards them as of little significance, and attaches even less historical importance to them. Possibly too much value is sometimes placed upon such memorials, yet we cannot concur in Mr. Bartlett's theory when he ascribes them to the idle moments of some ingenious Indian, who has thus sought to amuse himself by cutting grotesque figures in the solid rock. Whatever may have been the origin and meaning of these sculptures, this explanation seems to be equally improbable and far-fetched; and we cannot but think they often owed their origin to some higher purpose, and are the records of some event or belief.

The villages of the Coco-Maricopa and Pimo Indians, near which many of these rocks were found, are situated upon the southern bank of the Gila, about two hundred miles east of the junction of the Gila and Colorado. Originally the Coco-Maricopas are said to have lived much farther to the westward, but having suffered severely from the attacks of the Yumas and other tribes, they removed to the neighborhood of the Pimos, with whom they live on terms of strict amity. The two tribes

greatly resemble each other in many respects; and it is very difficult to determine from their appearance to which tribe different individuals may belong. Many of their habits and customs are the same, and a general description of one tribe will apply almost equally well to the other. Of the Pimos Mr. Bartlett says:—

“This people restrict themselves to a single wife. Their ideas of a Supreme Being, in whose existence they believe, are of so vague a nature, that I could not ascertain them with exactness. After death, they believe that their souls go to the banks of the Colorado, their ancient dwelling-place, and there take refuge in the great sand-hills, where they are metamorphosed into various animals and birds. Their heads, hands, feet, etc. each become owls, bats, wolves, and other animals. They believe, too, that the souls of their enemies, the Yumas, also find a place there; and that the wars which have so long existed between them on earth will be continued there, after death.

“When a man desires to marry, and has made choice of a girl for his wife, he first endeavors to win over her parents by making them presents. The fair one's attention is sought by another process. To do this he takes his flute, an instrument of cane with four holes, and, seating himself beneath a bush near her dwelling, keeps up a plaintive noise for hours together. This music is continued day after day; and if no notice is at length taken of him by the girl, he may ‘hang up his flute,’ as it is tantamount to a rejection. If the proposal is agreeable, the fair one makes it known to the suitor, when the conquest is considered complete. No girl is forced to marry against her will, however eligible her parents may consider the match. Whenever a girl marries, it is expected that her husband will present her parents with as much as his means will permit, to compensate them for the loss of their daughter, whose services are to them a matter of consequence.

“Among both the Coco-Maricopas and the Pimos, the women do the principal part of the work. Besides taking care of the children and attending to the household matters, they grind the corn, make baskets, gather mezquit beans, help till the ground, and sometimes spin and weave.

“The men plant and gather the crops, and take care of the animals. This I believe is all they do; and as the performance of these duties is not a very onerous task, they are idle the greater portion of the time. Their implements of husbandry are steel hoes and axes, which they obtain from the Mexicans, harrows, and occasionally a long-handled spade. Grinding corn on the *metates*, or stones, is a work of great labor, and comes

hard on the poor women, who are obliged to get upon their knees, and exert the whole strength of their arms and bodies in the task. I have seen women thus employed when the thermometer stood at 110°, while their lords lay stretched out at length on their backs, looking on." — Vol. II. pp. 222 – 224.

Of the two tribes the Pimos are superior in intelligence and ingenuity; and it is probable that the Cocomaricopas have derived much of their very limited knowledge from them. They cultivate sufficient land for their own sustenance, and raise some cotton of excellent quality, together with corn and a few vegetables. Their houses are ingeniously built of sticks and straw, and are sometimes plastered with mud; but they are very low, so that one can hardly stand erect in them. Near each is the family granary or store-house, built in a similar, though rather better manner, and used for storing their agricultural products. Among their manufactures are white cotton blankets, various kinds of earthen vessels, and willow baskets. Their dress is simple, and differs but little from that of most of the semi-civilized tribes on our southwestern border. Their only weapons are bows and arrows, with which they are very skilful, and in the use of which they often exercise themselves by firing at the gigantic limbs of the petahaya.

Whilst encamped among these Indians, a small party visited the Casas Grandes and some other remarkable ruins in the neighborhood. The ruins known as the Casas Grandes, or Great Houses, consist of three buildings of adobe in a tolerable state of preservation, and located near each other, not far to the eastward of the Pimo villages. Their general outline can readily be traced, and a considerable part of the walls is still standing, though in a very dilapidated state. They were originally several stories in height, covering a considerable extent of ground, and were evidently built by a people who had made some progress in the arts; but there are now no means of determining when or by whom they were erected. It is certain, however, that they are of great antiquity, as they are described by the earliest writers upon the country as being in nearly the same condition as at present. The purpose for which they were built is also nearly as doubtful as the other facts; but Mr. Bartlett appears to incline to the opinion, that

they were intended as store-houses. Around the ruins are many fragments of pottery, of a superior quality to that now made in the country, and extending over a distance of several miles, which might seem to lend some weight to this supposition.

Upon the completion of their surveys on the Gila, the Commission resumed their journey back to El Paso, by a somewhat circuitous route, through the northern part of Sonora and Chihuahua, visiting Santa Cruz, Janos, and some other places, and reaching their place of destination about the middle of August. Between Janos and El Paso they visited and examined another collection of ruins, at the little village of Casas Grandes, called by the natives Casas de Montezuma, and similar in their general features to those on the Gila. These ruins consist of numerous walls, both fallen and standing, strongly built of adobe, and originally of several stories in height. They are built upon a declivity connecting the barren upper plateau and the rich bottom land, and comprise many small apartments, which were perhaps used for storing grain. But as they are in a much worse state of preservation than those previously visited, it is difficult to determine their exact character; and though several men were employed to dig among them, nothing was found to reward the search. For miles around, as upon the Gila, the plain is covered with fragments of earthen vessels finely made and painted; and occasionally these vessels are found unbroken.

The only portion of the survey which now remained unfinished was that of the lower Rio Grande; and accordingly, on reaching El Paso, preparations were made for joining the party employed on that part of the line. In consequence, however, of the increased hostility of the Indians, and other obstacles, it was not until the 6th of October that the train was able to start, and even then it was deemed best to go by way of the city of Chihuahua, instead of following the more direct route along the river. Upon the road the train was attacked by a party of Apaches, but after a short fight they were driven off, though not until they had succeeded in securing all the spare animals. For most of the distance the road passes through a miserable tract of country, and offers

little of interest until it reaches Chihuahua. Here our travellers remained about a week, to repair their wagons and to make further preparations for the perilous journey before them, through a region infested by Camanches, one of the fiercest and most powerful of the Mexican tribes.

Chihuahua is the capital of the State of that name, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants; but it formerly had a much larger population, and within the last twenty-five years its wealth and importance have been greatly diminished. Nor need we feel any surprise at witnessing such a result, when we consider the utter lack of energy and enterprise in the people, and the long-continued misgovernment to which they have been subjected. These two causes operating together are sufficient to account for the blighting and withering influence that long since settled upon the nation, exhausting, as it should seem, all its public spirit and not a little of its private enterprise. The city is handsomely laid out, with broad streets, and large and well-built houses of adobe or stone. As is the case in most of the towns visited by the Commission, the houses are generally only one story in height, with thick walls and few windows, but with an inner court. Among the principal public buildings are the mint, the Governor's palace, several churches, and the cathedral, which is only inferior, it is said, to the great cathedral in the city of Mexico. It is built of stone, with two towers and a dome, and without regard to any of the established styles of architecture; but it is nevertheless a handsome and imposing edifice. Another place of great resort is the arena for bull-fights; for it is well known that the Mexicans have inherited the Spanish taste for these cruel and disgusting spectacles. There is an abundant supply of pure water in the city, brought by means of a stone aqueduct a distance of about three miles and a half. A small stream also runs along the northern part, which insures a still larger supply whenever it is needed, and which is used for irrigating the numerous gardens in the vicinity. Much of the land in the immediate neighborhood is excellent, and large crops of the ordinary vegetables and cereals are raised. Various fruits, including apples, pears, peaches, melons, figs, and grapes, are also cultivated with success. Of the mineral

resources of this part of Mexico, our author, however, speaks in much higher terms than he does of its agricultural advantages. "The mineral wealth of Chihuahua," he says, "is not surpassed, if equalled, in variety and extent by any state in the world. Silver is the most abundant; but there is also gold, copper, lead, iron, and tin. Cinnabar is also said to be found; but I cannot speak of it with certainty. Of bituminous coal I saw a fine specimen."* So rich, indeed, is the silver ore, and so imperfectly has the metal been extracted, that we are told the re-working of the immense heaps of dross and scoria collected in former years forms a regular and profitable business.

From Chihuahua Mr. Bartlett continued his course through the central portion of the State to Parras, Saltillo, and Monterey, and thence to Corpus Christi, in Texas, where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1853. This tract of country presents the same variety of arid and barren plains and rich valleys that we have already described, and there are the same signs of decay and misgovernment everywhere visible. Indeed, Monterey and Hermosillo, in Sonora, are, with the exception of Guaymas, where the population has been greatly diminished by frequent epidemics, the only two cities in Mexico visited by the Commission which are increasing. There was everywhere the same cowardly fear of the Indians, and travelling was only safe in large parties and with an armed guard. Though the land is in many places excellent, comparatively little attention is paid to agriculture, and the raising of cattle forms the chief branch of industry of the great land-owners. Many places on the route, particularly those in the neighborhood of Chihuahua, as has been remarked, are rich in silver and other ores, but there is no systematic or efficient working of the mines. The botany of this extensive region presents little of especial interest except the yucca, of which Mr. Bartlett gives the following description:—

"The different species of yucca, of which frequent mention has been made, form a conspicuous feature in the vegetation. They present a great variety of foliage, some narrow and grass-like,

* Vol. II. p. 438.

and others rigid and firm enough to serve for a 'Spanish bayonet,' a popular name given to the larger kinds. All are furnished with a sharp, hard point at the end of the leaf, which is capable of inflicting a severe wound, and which soon teaches the incautious traveller to give them a wide berth. While some have no stem at all, others have a trunk twenty-five or thirty feet high and from two to three feet in diameter. The largest specimens we saw were near Parras, where the table-lands are covered with them. This species throws out at the top ten or a dozen branches, which are bent in all possible directions. A plain covered with yuccas presents a beautiful appearance when [they are] in flower, with their pure white blossoms arranged in pyramidal spikes several feet in length. The Mexicans and Indians put the different species to various domestic uses. The leaves of the narrower kinds are made into baskets, and the fibres of the leaves are twisted into coarse ropes. The trunks of the large species are used in the absence of other timber as palings for making inclosures, or are split into slabs to serve for covering the rude houses of the rancheros.

"Some species bear an edible fruit called by the Mexicans *latiros*. These are about the size and shape of the *banana*, and when fully ripe are very sweet and palatable. The tender portion of the stem near where the leaves are produced is roasted and eaten under the name of *quiote*; but it is rather stringy and insipid. One of our party saw at an Apache camp a potfull of the flowers boiling for food. The uncooked flowers have quite a bitter taste; but this may probably be removed by boiling. The roots of a narrow-leaved species called *amole* are used, instead of soap, for washing clothes; bruised between stones, they afford a mucilage when rubbed upon the clothes, which seems to possess considerable detergent properties. The root is generally kept for sale in the towns, and, where soap is so very dear, affords an economical substitute." — Vol. II. pp. 490–492.

To the appropriation in the Deficiency Bill of 1852 for defraying the expenses of the Boundary Survey, Congress had annexed a proviso, that no part of it should be used "until it shall be made satisfactorily to appear to the President of the United States that the southern boundary of New Mexico is not established by the Commissioner and Surveyor of the United States farther north of the town called 'Paso' than the same is laid down in Disturnell's map which is added to the treaty." Any examination into the propriety of this measure, or of the sufficiency of the grounds upon which the initial point on the Rio Grande was established in latitude thirty-two

degrees twenty-two minutes, would lead us aside from our present purpose; and it will be sufficient to say, that this proviso rendered the disbanding of the Commission necessary before the survey of the Rio Grande was entirely finished. Accordingly, on reaching Ringgold Barracks, arrangements were made for sending the entire train to San Antonio, where some of the animals and equipment were to be sold at public auction, and the rest to remain in charge of Mr. Thurber, the commissary and quarter-master, until further orders. In the mean time, however, the train continued on its route to Corpus Christi, as we have already stated.

Here our author took leave of his companions and with one other gentleman embarked in an open boat for Decrow's Point at the mouth of Matagorda Bay. Corpus Christi is pleasantly situated on a small bay which connects with the Gulf of Mexico, and is partly built on a high bluff and partly on the beach at its foot. Its position is one of the most healthful upon the Gulf, and this circumstance, together with the fertility of the soil in its immediate neighborhood, and the comparative facility of entering its harbor, must always make it a place of considerable importance. Still the shallowness of the water upon the bar must prevent it from enjoying much foreign commerce. Of the difficulty of navigating the bays and lagoons along the coast of Texas, our author gives several amusing illustrations, one of which we extract.

"An amusing incident," he says, "occurred when we were about midway across the bay [Espiritu Santo Bay, which is about twenty miles long and ten miles wide]. We had left Corpus Christi with but a single keg of water, expecting to make our voyage in twenty-four hours. But we had now been out forty-eight hours; and unless a good breeze should favor us, we could not expect to reach our place of destination before the next day. Our water was gone; and there was none to be found on the beach. Seeing a small craft approaching from an opposite direction, we stood for her; and when within two hundred yards, our captain hailed her, and asked if they could spare us any water. The reply was in the affirmative; but when I expected we should pull for her, to my utter surprise, a sailor composedly stepped into the water, and, with a bucket on his arm, walked to the other boat, where he got it filled. The bay was less than three feet deep, although we were many miles from the shore,

which was barely visible. Did one not know where he was, he might imagine himself at sea." — Vol. II. pp. 534, 535.

At the Point, Mr. Bartlett took a steamboat to New Orleans, and thence proceeded up the Mississippi to Washington. In summing up the results of the labors of the Commission, one cannot but be struck with their extent, and with the hardships, difficulties, and dangers encountered in their performance. Mr. Bartlett was absent about two years and a half, and during this period he travelled nearly five thousand miles in his various journeys in Texas, California, and Mexico. With the exception of some short and isolated portions, he traversed the whole boundary line in person, and nearly the whole of it was surveyed under his general direction. Much of the route lay through a desolate and comparatively unknown region, without wood, water, or grass, and inhabited only by hostile Indians. Yet every obstacle was surmounted, and when the Commission was disbanded, only a small part of the Rio Grande remained to be surveyed. Of the valuable scientific results obtained during the progress of the survey we need not speak here, except to repeat that they are in the highest degree creditable to the zeal and energy of the gentlemen specially charged with that department. The physical aspect of the country and the remarkable character of its flora have been sufficiently described in the remarks and extracts already given; but we will cite one more passage, which contains in a few words a general description of much the larger part of the country through which the Commission passed. After speaking of the desert fauna, our author continues:—

"Another peculiarity of the desert is its remarkable vegetation; everything being armed with thorns. First comes the endless variety of cacti, to look at some of which will make one shudder. These are seen from the tiny plant not larger than the finger to the giant petahaya raising its tall stem to the height of fifty feet. Then come the mezquit, or acacia, the tornilla, the fouquiera, the agaves, and yuccas, all armed with the most terrific spikes or thorns. Even among the tender grasses, the mezquit has its minute thorns. But these thorny and angular forms are not confined to animal and vegetable life: they seem to be extended to Nature even in the grandest aspect in which she here appears. The mountain ridges, as I have before observed,

present the most singular summits, terminating in pyramidal points, or resembling towers, minarets, etc. Thus is everything in these regions peculiar. To indemnify man for the inhospitable deserts and barren soil which occupies [occupy] so large a space, Nature furnishes, embowelled in her innumerable mountains, the greatest variety and abundance of precious metals. The vast riches imbedded in the great 'Sierra Madre' are as yet little dreamt of; but I do not hesitate to say, that for wealth of this description even California will yet have to yield the palm to these mountains." — Vol. II. pp. 563, 564.

One of the most important subjects which engaged the attention of our author in his various journeys was the adaptation of the country to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific; and the results of his investigations on this point are embodied in a brief memoir appended to his second volume. In it he gives a rapid summary of the general character of the country, not merely in regard to the nature of the soil through which it must be built and the mountains it must pass, but also with regard to the facilities for obtaining timber and water; and the conclusion at which he arrives may be stated with sufficient brevity in his own words. "The advantages of the Southern route for a railway," he says, "are an open and remarkably level country from the Mississippi to the Sierra Nevada of California, — a summit level a thousand feet less than that of the other routes (so far as known), — entire freedom from snows, — and convenience in obtaining supplies. The disadvantages are a deficiency of timber, water, and food for animals; and the want of tillable lands for settlements and farms."* Doubtless the Southern route presents some important advantages; but a perusal of Mr. Bartlett's volumes strengthens the belief that there are insuperable objections to it which far outweigh all the advantages. In order that the construction of the railroad should accomplish all the desirable results which may be justly expected to flow from it, it seems clear that it should be built through a country capable of sustaining a numerous population. Such, however, is not the character of the route traversed by our author. It seems improbable, indeed, that towns or cities will ever spring up along the boundary

* Vol. II. p. 575.

line marked by Mr. Bartlett, or along that acquired by the recent treaty with Mexico. For these and some other reasons, we are inclined to think a more northern route is to be preferred.

C. C. S.

ART. VI. — OUR BOOK MOVEMENT.*

THE people called Unitarians, in common we suppose with all other sects of Christians, are very ready to assume that they are much in advance of the great mass of the Christian world. When their doctrines and methods meet with a favorable reception, it is of course; how could it be otherwise with what is so entirely in accordance with the spirit of an enlightened age? When, on the other hand, the multitude are not found so eager to be converted, it is still of course; could we look for anything more from the dulness and perversity of the bigoted crowd? And so we take comfort either way. Fortunately, some of the sect are as much given to self-criticism as others are to self-laudation, and say about themselves and each other harder things than we should willingly hear from those who are not of the fold. So, out of all the various and conflicting judgments, we reach a tolerable approximation to the truth

* 1. *Proceedings at the Meeting of the Friends of the American Unitarian Association, held in Freeman Place Chapel, Feb. 1, 1854.* Boston: Published by Crosby, Nichols, & Co., for the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association. 1854. 8vo. pp. 24.

2. *The Thirtieth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union, made to the Friends and Contributors to the Society, at the Annual Meeting, in the Musical Fund Hall, May 16, 1854.* No. 316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 1854. 8vo. pp. 89.

3. *Fortieth Annual Report of the American Tract Society, containing Lists of Auxiliaries, Life-Members, and Publications. Presented at Boston, May 31, 1854.* Boston: Press of T. R. Marvin. 1854. 8vo. pp. 128 and 28.

4. *To the Friends and Patrons of the American Tract Society.* 8vo. pp. 20.

5. *Hugh Fisher: or Home Principles carried out.* By the Author of "Robert Dawson," "Jane Hudson," "Reuben Kent," etc., etc. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union, No. 146 Chestnut Street. New York: No. 147 Nassau Street. Boston: No. 9 Cornhill. Louisville: No. 103 Fourth Street.

in the case. Being disposed just now to be rather critical than laudatory, we press this charge against the Unitarians, that, if they have, as they claim, a literature, or the germs of a literature, from which the world at large may derive great moral and spiritual benefit, they have been sadly unfaithful and behind the times in devising ways and means for putting it before the legions of reading eyes that have been opened during these latter days. It is hardly fair, indeed, to bring our little flock into comparison with the great religious denominations that swarm in the land; and although it has been shown that we have great wealth in proportion to our numbers, it should be considered that large means are never so available for charitable purposes when they are concentrated in a few hands, as when they are scattered amongst many in smaller portions. Still, it is very plain that in the matter of a "Book Concern" we are behind our fellow-denominations. The difference between them and ourselves is brought out very strikingly when we come together for what are called the Anniversary Meetings. They lay out plans of work and set on foot measures for procuring the funds with which to realize them; they deal in things tangible and concrete; their talk is of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America to be converted to God, the men to be sent here, the money to be sent there. We meet and theorize and organize and make distinctions between Deism and Christianity, we are not clear yet that we are a denomination, and if the more part know wherefore they are met together, they do not know how to make this clear to others. They forget that, whilst principles are to be the first things, we are not to be satisfied with dwelling upon them, and stating them with endless iteration. Of late we have been so much employed, necessarily too, in making fences and putting up bars, that we have had no time left to cultivate the fields inclosed. Perhaps it may be seasonable now to say, that differences in crops answer some of the purposes of fences, and that the domain of the wise and diligent is to be known by the abundance of good grain and the absence of tares. We must realize in our experience, and set forth by lessons and examples, a thoroughly Christian Unitarianism, which can be distinguished at a glance from Deistical specula-

tions, and even from the purest and most elevated moralizing. The more work of all sorts we can do as Unitarian Christians, the more obvious will it be that Unitarian Christianity has a meaning and a life of its own, that it is not a mere inn for a brief sojourn on the dreary road to unbelief.

There can be no denomination unless there is something to be denominated, and in the case of a Christian denomination this something must be Christian. The time does not seem to have come when Christians can look at Christianity from the same point of view, or apply it through the same instrumentalities; hence, whilst we strive to live in perfect charity with fellow-believers of every name, and seek to be baptized into the same spirit and to be redeemed by the same Christ, we find ourselves aloof from others, standing and working by ourselves; we do not make ourselves or resolve ourselves into a denomination, we *are* and cannot help being a denomination. We are a Christian denomination, not by virtue of loving and claiming the liberty to be Christians in any way we please or in no way at all, not by virtue of our inability to accept the Gospel through the common creeds of the Church, but because the truth of Jesus assumes for our minds and hearts a positive and well-defined form. Less than this may separate us from others for a while, but less than this can hardly keep us distinct from others as *Christians*; we must have a positive belief, or our dissent will yield to reaction on the one hand, or pass out on the other side beyond the range of Christian tradition and experience. But we *are* a denomination. We do hold the old verities, somewhat confusedly, hesitatingly too it may be, and as those must who more than any others have been afflicted with the prevailing epidemic of rationalism; still, we are on the old soil, and the roots and stocks of the good old trees are in it, and "at the scent of water they shall bud and send forth boughs," in the shade of which we and our children and our children's children shall peacefully dwell and do our work.

Two points seem to us very clear. They have been tolerably well settled by the experience of our religious world during the last twenty-five years; they are, that we do believe Christianity, and that we do not believe

it in the old way. That we do believe Christianity is pretty well attested, as by other tokens so by this, that we are willing to incur the hazard of being confounded with those who are called Orthodox, rather than be numbered with the modern Deists who are going out from us, as honest men should, because they are not of us. That we do not believe Christianity in the old way would be obvious enough, were it not for the fact, that many, who, judged by any exact standards, have departed almost as widely as we from the ancient paths, still claim, honestly we believe, the old names, and are taken for representatives of the popular belief. We think that they ought to be numbered with us, and the ancient men who were in their prime when the body of New England Congregationalists was rent think so too. But the day has gone by for applying to them the process of exclusion which was applied to us; anything so suicidal is out of the question, and we must dispense for the present with the companionship of many, who, as we are firmly persuaded, do not receive Christianity in the old way.

But what has all this to do with the first pamphlet on our list, that has supplied us with a text, and which describes certain proceedings upon a project of the American Unitarian Association, of gathering from the churches of our faith a fund for the publication of Unitarian works? We answer, Much every way, chiefly that, after an excess of talking, we seem to be setting ourselves about some real work. We have at last carried a "*resolution*," that we will be an abstraction no longer, but a "Book and Pamphlet Society," to say the least. The Association has always been this to a certain extent, but not according to the large measure of its privileges. The project of a book fund is evidence that we appreciate our own literature, not only what it has been and is, but what with needful encouragement it may be made; that it is becoming plain to us that we have something to publish to the world which the world cannot afford to be ignorant of; and that we are alive to the condition of the times, which calls not only for the living voice, but for the scarcely less living book. If we were compelled to regard this movement as a merely feverish effort, or as a spasmodic attempt to do something by

way of seeming alive, we could not feel much interest in it; but such depreciating criticism is not called for. There are signs of a reviving religious life in our churches, the Gospel is coming home anew to many hearts, and, as is always sure to be the case sooner or later, this fresh religious experience is attended by a fresh interest in theological expression; we wish to know where we are in theological matters, just how we are related to the old standards, and just what is the difference between ourselves and those who have adopted Deistical views of religion. No discourses from our pulpits are listened to with greater attention than those which are devoted to the discussion of great Christian doctrines, not in the way of sharp controversy or special sectarian pleading, but from the honest purpose to draw forth the really living and efficient elements in the Christianity which has quickened and fed the world these eighteen hundred years. The day for pleasant essays has gone by: those who frequent the churches, as well as those who go to the polls, ask for "back-bone," something more than a slender thread for delicate pearls to dangle on. "What is written in the Law, how readest thou?" What dost thou believe about Christ, about the necessities of the human soul and his way of relieving them, about his living and dying and rising and interceding? These and similar questions are asked every day. One cannot get his sermons altogether from the circulating library or from the newspapers. The preacher must have studied the divinity of John, and the theology of Paul, as well as the poetry of Job. It was inevitable that preaching should become more doctrinal, in the good sense of being founded upon well-defined doctrine. Had it not taken this direction, it would soon have come to an end.

It is evident that we are just in the mood for looking about us to ascertain where we are, what we have, and what we can give in the matter of religious belief. The result of the inquiry thus far is very satisfactory, especially in reference to our denominational literature. In common with other Christian communions, we lack preachers, our young men are not drawn to the ministry; but if we have not an abundance of living voices, we have a good store of eloquent Christian words, that have already secured the attention of a multitude, and are des-

tinued, we trust, to be brought under the eyes of a far larger company.

In these "fast" days everything grows old very rapidly, and in theology, as in all other departments of life, we have a Young America; but our elder literature, if we may apply such a phrase to what is so recent, still holds its place. Undoubtedly, many of us would say that the fathers of the denomination were over sanguine in their belief that the form of Unitarianism which they presented to the world from the pulpit and the press would speedily gain a wide reception. This has proved true thus far only of that form of our doctrine which is held by the people called Christians, whose sentiments in some very important particulars are very different from those that were cherished by Channing and his fellow-laborers. Still our elder theology has done and is destined to do a great work. Too fresh from painful contact with an extreme Calvinism to utter anything like a final word, if such a word can be uttered in theology, its very extremes of antagonism are of service, were it only to show the inevitable issues of that terrible system, and how imperative is the demand that it should in some way be relieved. The author of "*The Conflict of Ages*" has done justice to the merits of our literature in this direction. And it may be said generally, that, whether more or less of it shall stand, it is a valuable contribution to the theology which shall be; the production of a transition period, it is of service to all who are passing through such a period, and if we at the East have grown familiar with its teachings, and do not seek for it with avidity, it is none the less welcome to our brethren at the West, who are oppressed by the very narrowness, which, thanks to our brave fathers in the faith, has been so sensibly enlarged in favored New England, where theology never was and never can be stationary. Not from any sectarian impulse, not in any temper of antagonism, not as those who would make war upon brethren, we are moved to lay before the Christian world, wise and simple, the thoughts of our most gifted and honored elders upon the greatest subject that can occupy the human mind. At a time of unwonted intellectual activity upon religious subjects, when Romanism is winning converts amongst the rich and timid, and Atheism, or what comes practi-

cally to about the same thing, Secularism, is sweeping the poor and desperate out of the churches by thousands, we wish to set forth some views of Providence and of Scripture, of God and Christ, that have kept many in the true *via media*. Here is something, we think, that will aid them in making up their conclusions, and they will be gainers whether they accept little or much. The views so presented to them may be very partial, and yet they will constitute at least one element of the great whole after which they are striving. The literature which was summoned out of silence by the secession of such men as Bancroft, Channing, the Wares, Thacher, Thayer, and Worcester from the popular New England theology, has not yet lost its significance. It is still "Bible News" to many an honest inquirer. Reverent and humane in its spirit, and very guarded and scholarly in its statement, it is fitted to do just what it professed and sought, not to anchor men fast and for ever in its own pleasant soundings, but to speed them upon the unending voyage over the boundless and unfathomable sea. There is a demand for our older books and for our newer books written in the old vein, a demand which can be greatly increased through just such an instrumentality as is proposed in the establishment of the Book Fund.

And this is not all. We have claimed from the start to be friends of progress, and most of those who used that word did not mean by it progress away from Christianity, or, as it is called, beyond Christianity. They did not look forward to a time when they should advance from a positive faith in great Christian truths to a condition of almost unrelieved doubt. They hoped to reach a better knowledge of the everlasting verities of the Gospel; not to be able to criticize the Saviour's teachings, but to understand and receive more thoroughly what he actually did teach. Now this hope is fast becoming realized, and we are free to confess that we are far more deeply interested in our more recent than in our earlier literature. It seems to be less one-sidedly intellectual. It speaks from a wider and deeper religious experience. It is charitable, not from indifference, but from an earnest, hearty love for those great Christian truths in which all believers are one. It is anything but retrospective in the poor sense of that word, for it finds in the living, breathing world of to-day,

near the tables of communion which are spread in our churches, the Christ whom so many find only eighteen centuries ago in favored Judæa. The freedom which this literature insists upon is a freedom to abide with Christ rather than with the doctors, and its negations lead directly to affirmations.

It will not be necessary to instance more than two works of the class to which we refer, and as these have been noticed already in previous numbers of this journal, a passing allusion will now suffice. We have in mind the treatise on Regeneration by Rev. E. H. Sears, and that on the Doctrine of Prayer by Rev. J. F. Clarke, and if the Unitarian Association had done nothing else to meet the necessities of our churches, these books alone, brought into the light under its auspices, would sufficiently justify its existence, and should inspire us with great confidence in those to whom the control of its operations is intrusted. Any careful reader of these two books will realize at once, that we have our own way, not of denying, but of accepting, the grand truths of the Gospel, that we approach them in happy freedom from technicalities of expression and theological jargon, that the whole domain of Christianity is ours just so far as we please to occupy it, and that we are not committed to a shallow rationalism any more than to a shallow bigotry. The aim of the writers alluded to, and of those who sympathize with them, is to show their fellow-Christians of other denominations that they can still believe what they have believed, in substance, only in a more intelligent and therefore more efficient way; and what is quite as pleasant and encouraging, these books meet with a hearty welcome from all save those who are found at the extreme left of our own denomination. A fund which shall in any way call out and scatter works of this description must be of the utmost service.

There is wisdom too in sending books as well as preachers, — yes, we should say books rather than preachers, did we not indulge the hope that both will be largely sent. When we send books, we can be more sure that we are doing what we mean to do. We can read them before they go, but we cannot always hear the preachers, or get any reliable account of them. We can designate the volume. We can protect ourselves from the mortifying re-

flection, that we have been at pains and expense, not to confirm, but to destroy, the faith of others, and have unwittingly been propagandists of Deism, or of Pantheism, or of Rappingsism, or of whatever else thrusts itself into Christian pulpits under the pretence of being an enlarged Christianity. Moreover, after a preacher has been commissioned and furnished with the needful missionary purse, he may, in the exercise of inevitable freedom, cease to be useful for any Christian purposes, or he may be disabled or discouraged by sickness. But when a book is once written and printed, we know what it is, and what, wherever it comes to a reading, it will be likely to effect. We are not living in constant dread that we shall hear mortifying accounts of its uselessness or worse than uselessness from those to whom we have sent it. And then a book preaches everywhere and unceasingly and to all men. It accompanies the traveller, and Americans are all travellers, on the railroad and in the steamboat. It lies in wait for him, inviting his listless eye, offering him entertainment with instruction for unoccupied hours, proposing first to relieve the uniformity of some river-bank or sea-shore, but giving in the end far more than amusement for weary moments.

A mission by means of books is especially necessary in our thinly inhabited land, and to a people so divided as ours is into religious sects. Attendance upon the public ministrations of the Gospel is utterly out of the question for a considerable portion of our fellow-citizens in the partially settled regions of the West and South; and in many districts of the older States, even of Massachusetts, which is one of the best peopled, anything like regular attendance is realized only with considerable difficulty. Undoubtedly, were there oftener a will there would be oftener a way, but we must make the best of things as they are; and very many persons, who will not ride miles through heat or through rain in search of Gospel truth, will read it when it is brought to their doors, and, it may be, after reading will be more ready to go to hear. There are many quiet hill-side and prairie cottages, of necessity almost hermitages, where the colporteur would be a welcome comer, but let him take with him fresh records of fresh thoughts, burning words that will kindle the hearts of those that are almost solitary and help

them to maintain the church in the house, the only church of which their situation admits. Our land numbers amongst its inhabitants an immense mass of readers, persons who have the desire as well as the ability to read, and, cheap as books are, many whose appetite for this sort of food is very good are but indifferently supplied. There is no need of any unfriendly competition in this matter; the harvest is plenteous far beyond the number of the laborers. Let other denominations give what they can produce, and let us give what we can produce. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." Only let there be one foundation, and each builder may pile upon it as he is able, and await the day which shall prove by fire every man's work of what sort it is.

But it may be thought that all this will be regulated well enough by the common laws of *demand* and *supply*. Experience shows, however, that this is not the case. "Demand and Supply" furnishes far too liberally a multitude of those who do not read with tobacco and whiskey, and a multitude of those who do read with publications infidel and obscene. Ours is not a world in which things can be left to take care of themselves. There is a necessity for Christian effort in pressing the claims of whatsoever is excellent and profitable. Not "Demand and Supply," but the American Tract Society, has scattered over our land one hundred and fifty-four thousand duodecimo copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and no less than 657,660 copies, in the aggregate, of four or five of Richard Baxter's works, — that same Richard Baxter who, as quoted in one of the pamphlets which we have placed at the head of this paper, writes: "It pleased God that a poor peddler came to the door, that had ballads and some good books, and my father bought of him 'Dr. Sibb's Bruised Reed'; this I read and found it suited to my taste and seasonably sent to me. After this we had a servant that had a little piece of Mr. Perkins's work on Repentance; and the reading of that did further inform and confirm me; and thus, without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me for himself." The Society just named has circulated 141,567 copies of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." From its Fortieth Annual Report we learn that the receipts of the year ending 30th April, 1854, for the district which includes Maine,

New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, were \$79,171.67, whilst the affiliated but distinct organization in New York, which covers the residue of our land, received, during the same time, \$415,370.21. The Thirtieth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union gives, as the receipts in the Book Department for the year ending 1st March, 1854, \$248,201.82. "Sunny Side," that favorite little tale, published by this Union, has, as we were informed by Mr. Hoyt, the indefatigable agent of the society in Boston, reached a circulation of sixty thousand copies, whilst of "Jane Hudson" and "Robert Dawson" fifty thousand of each have gone out. "Hugh Fisher" is in a promising way, having already told his tale to at least twenty-five thousand different pairs of ears.

We are free to confess, that we have found very little in the Reports of the Tract and Sunday-School societies to feed such denominational vanity as we have. After looking them over, we questioned the expediency of calling the attention of our readers to an abundance which contrasts so strikingly with our own poverty. But if it is right to be taught by our enemies, surely we may learn from our friends and fellow-Christians. We have said a great deal about the heathen at home. It is time that we were doing something more about them. We have books that will help to make them Christians,—we might have many more, especially in the departments for children and for the less cultivated,—more of the "Sunny Side" and "Hugh Fisher" stamp. It seems, that, without any effort, twelve thousand copies of Ware's "Formation of the Christian Character" have been sold; the twelve thousand might as well have been twenty-five thousand. Let these reports of what our fellow-Christians are doing every year be put into the hands of our laymen, and we are sure that the \$50,000 fund will soon be made up, and our one colporteur, if indeed we still have one, shall grow into fifty. This enterprise is not denominational in any objectionable sense. If we succeed in it,—and great will be our reproach if we do not,—we shall only have discharged a part of our duty in the vital matter of moral and religious education. Are we to fold our hands and do nothing for our world, because we happen to differ a little from the majority as to some theological points, and

fear lest we should seem over eager to bring them over to our way of thinking? There is no occasion for any such hesitancy,—of all denominations that ever have been or ever will be, we Unitarians of New England are the safest and least aggressive.

R. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith. By COUNT AGENOR DE GASPARIN. Translated by ROBERT B. WATSON, B. A. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 395.

THE author of this volume has undertaken to treat and to dispose of the most serious and harassing problem that engages thoughtful persons in all Christian communions. That he should think the momentous theme on which he labors can be disposed of in the summary and dogmatical way in which he here disposes of it, shall stand with us as not so much a reflection upon his own ability, or even upon his modesty, as an exhibition of the depth of the perplexities with which he deals. We are all of us pupils in one or another of the schools whose elementary principles or developments form the substantial contents of his book. He appears to us to be better informed as to the distractions of opinion and the unsatisfactory character of the speculations and theories now prevalent among inquirers after truth, than he is skilled or furnished in the qualities of an umpire or a peacemaker. One who undertakes the office of a reconciler of all the issues which have been raised in the last half-century, alike over the text of Scripture and the questions of Authority and Reason in matters of faith, has need of a rare combination of gifts and graces. With all confidence in the sincerity of this writer, and with a tolerably high estimate of his acumen and powers of advocacy, we cannot coincide with his positions, nor award to him the credit of having made any very valuable contribution to a paramount cause.

His object is to find a basis and ground for faith, not in the authority of revelation, but in its substance,—one that is warranted in the reason and nature of things, and that will give sure repose to the heart. He addresses neither atheists nor professed unbelievers, but those who accept the Bible in any way as embracing communications made from God to men. His inci-

dental expressions and allusions prove that he has encountered all the various phases of scepticism and unbelief, whether in connection with some shadowy remnant of religious or Christian sentiment, or in complete alienation from all spiritual experiences. Indeed, he confesses to a painful share in the conflicts of faith with doubt, and puts a higher value on his own solution of the great problem on the score of its having assured to him a complete relief. There are very many thoughtful and inquisitive persons who have pursued the same course of inquiries with himself, so far as he records his dissatisfied investigation of the creeds and individualisms of Christendom, yet few of these competent judges of the issue will be inclined to assent to the alternative which he proposes. But all frank and careful statements of personal experience, and all well-intended contributions of thought and argument on this subject have a value. They help to move the waters and to keep them in motion; they excite the more serious sentiments of those who are apt to be indifferent to the conflicts of opinion on religious subjects; they show us that there is a limit to the allowance of our private fancies and theories, — a limit found at every point where the orbit of our own speculations is crossed by the lines which mark the individualisms of others' minds; and, finally, every candid searcher after truth pays homage to the value of that pearl for which all other things ought to be parted with.

Our author regards Romanism and Rationalism as the two great Schools of Doubt. The foundations on which both build are of sand, insecure and shifting; they lack authority, and so are continually seeking for a warrant in themselves which cannot be discovered or approved; they are human devices and substitutes for faith, and neither of them has a Divine sanction. Romanism puts man in the place of God; Rationalism exalts man's reason above the Bible. The moment a disciple of Romanism yields to his own natural instinct for an assurance of his faith, and takes the very first step in a process of mental or historical investigation, he has given himself up to a hopeless struggle. The farther back he goes in the course of his inquiries, the more deeply he sounds the perplexities of the matter, the more restless and unsettled he becomes. The author makes a very able statement of the truth on this point. He analyzes with fine skill and with a sharp logic the evasive and inconsistent arguments which Roman Catholic advocates have advanced, and he proves his familiarity with old patristic lore as well as with modern controversial literature. Dr. Newman's theory of Development is admirably exhibited and its fallacy is fully exposed. The assumed "Infallibility," which is the last and the vital warrant advanced to assure the faith of Romanists, is chased from out its hiding-place of

mystery, and left to show its own need of a rightful claimant or depositary. Bellarmine tells us that "Infallibility" resides with the Pope, "who can make virtue vice and vice virtue." Bossuet, on the other hand, tells us that the Pope may err, and that "Infallibility" resides with a Council. Other apologists commit the great trust to the joint possession of Pope and Council, and then by a course of subtle pleading attempt to meet the confounding facts of history, — history as written by themselves, — in which rival Popes and conflicting decrees of Councils, backed up by anathemas and excommunications, present a woful exhibition of strifes that do not appear to have had God as a champion for either party, though he may have been the arbiter between them. Certainly the disciples of Romanism must needs be pupils in a School of Doubt. They can never satisfy their minds as to the canon of Scripture, still less can they find assurance for accepting a system of religious doctrine and discipline which professes to supplement, and even rectify, the plain teachings of Scripture by a code of traditionary legends and cunning inventions. One of the complaints which the author urges most sharply against the Roman Church is on the score of its acceptance of the Jewish Apocryphal books.

"Rationalism" is a word of large compass with this author, and the School of Doubt of which he makes it the title takes in a vast number of persons who will be surprised to find themselves so classified. Indeed, writers and divines who are eminent for the repute of orthodoxy come in for their share of the rebukes which De Gasparin administers. Neander is singled out for especial animadversion, and great regret is expressed at his popularity in Europe and in this country.

Our author says: "Rationalism pretends to accept Revelation, and then proceeds to pass judgment on it: in other words, it puts man in the place of God." (p. 97.) Rationalism shows us "man submitting the thoughts of God to the criterion of his own thoughts." (p. 99.) Under every form and shape of this intellectual or rational dealing with the authority of what is written, the author finds lurking a spirit essentially inconsistent with a right state of heart and mind, and one which will inevitably lead to scepticism; indeed, he regards it as itself the result and token of scepticism. The only refuge of which he knows is in an implicit belief in "the Infallibility of the Canon of the Scriptures and in their Plenary Inspiration." This is the badge and sign for a pupil in the School of Faith. The believer must cling to this distinction. It is his great phylactery. Whatever misgivings one may encounter, whatever perplexities or embarrassments he may meet with, he must not yield for one moment his belief in that Divine warrant for the whole Bible just

as it comes to his hands. A very limited range is allowed for Biblical criticism, and for dealing with such matters as various readings and seeming discrepancies. But all these things are but chaff in comparison with the authority of the written Word. That our readers may understand how unqualified and positive are the terms in which De Gasparin expresses himself, we will give them specimens. "God, with his own hand," he says, "gives us the Canon; God, with his own mouth, asserts the plenary inspiration of Scripture." (p. 102.) "Jesus testifies to the infallibility of the Old Testament." (p. 119.) "For while God fully guarantees to us the whole Canon, he has unquestionably permitted some slight textual variations, which man himself has the means of correcting." (p. 139.) "In regard to the historical parts of the Bible, plenary inspiration obviously only guarantees that the facts occurred in the manner related, but communicates no infallibility to the human words and deeds there recorded. In regard to the doctrinal portions of the prophecies, properly so called, the hymns and the precepts, plenary inspiration proclaims the infallibility of the things themselves there set down." (p. 196.) "Plenary inspiration is as easy to understand, as it is difficult to describe." (p. 197.) The warrant on which the author advances these assertions in reference to the Old Testament is the belief of the Jews, and the countenance which Jesus Christ gave to it by not impugning it, and even more by his own reverential way of quoting its text with the phrase, "It is written"! "Jesus Christ himself, constantly repeating, 'It is written,' assures us of plenary inspiration far more surely than would a hundred passages containing the mere formula of it." (p. 230.) "Jesus declared that no error on any point whatever had been committed." (p. 236.) "Jesus Christ ascribes the most absolute infallibility to the smallest phrase of the least book in the Canon." (p. 300.) The author then proceeds to argue by inference, that, if God has given such sanction and oversight to the Old Testament Scriptures, he has given the same to guard and to authenticate the Christian Scriptures.

We have reason to believe that the author proposes these positive assertions of his, with a full apprehension of all the conditions and consequences which they involve. He says that he has found perfect peace in the reception and application of his own theory. Difficulties presented by the text of Scripture, those on which the man of science, the critic, the historian, the scholar, and the casuist spend their ingenuity to discover or to reconcile them, after having perplexed him for five years, have yielded to some reasonable suggestion in harmony with his view of the divinity of the Canon and its plenary inspiration. To be sure, other perplexities have started up to take their places, but

he is ready to believe that these will vanish in their turn. Such is the course of argument and pleading pursued in this volume.

By some persons, who regard themselves as well informed in the issues now opened by speculation and Biblical criticism, De Gasparin's volume will be regarded as a virtual surrender of all ground for maintaining a faith in revelation which shall be consistent with the rights of reason and the conditions of truth. Such persons will affirm that they *know* that the contents of the Bible, taken promiscuously, have no claim — indeed, advance no claim — to be regarded as plenarily inspired; and that, if the only secure repose of faith is to be found in ascribing to them such a distinction, and in forcing down or running away from every honest suggestion that brings the claim into disrepute, one might as well make the necessary surrender of his mental independence in the Roman Church as under the Protestantism of Count Gasparin. While he is impugning the Roman Church for accepting the Jewish Apocryphal books, he says, "the innumerable errors of fact and doctrine gathered together in them" utterly disprove their title to be regarded as inspired. He seems to be unaware that some "Rationalists" would advance precisely the same *reason* for rejecting some of the contents of the Bible, and for qualifying the inspiration allowed to them. While we cannot but insist that an excessive abatement has been allowed in many quarters from the authority and value justly to be challenged for the Bible, on the score of difficulties presented to us by the criticism of the text, we should protest most earnestly against the positions taken by our author. What use is there in asserting what we know is false on this subject? The emphatic and unqualified assertions which we have quoted might be pardoned to the credulity of a superstitious idolater of the text of the Bible; they might even be gently dealt by, as marking the mental dotage of one whose years of strength had been painfully given to the conflicts of faith in an atmosphere of doubt. But let us beware how we claim for the Bible what it does not claim for itself. That is indeed to overshoot the mark, and to commit ourselves to a most supererogatory and thankless labor. It does not belong to us peculiarly to meet the issue on which our author now stakes the whole alternative of faith or doubt. We leave him to his own Orthodox brethren, whom he invites to the discussion of a point on which he finds them upon the same side as ourselves.

Memorials of the Life of AMELIA OPIE, selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts, by CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. Norwich [England]: Fletcher & Alexander. 1854. 8vo. pp. 409.

Not a year has elapsed since the excellent and distinguished lady whose "Memorials" are now before us was numbered among the living. Yet doubtless many who read her works when they were in fresh circulation and in wide popularity will be surprised to learn that she has so recently departed. Her name was associated with years long past. No late republications of her early writings, and no new productions of her pen, have connected her with the present generation of readers, in this country at least. Amelia, the daughter of Dr. James Alderson of Norwich, and the granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Alderson of Lowestoft, was born at Norwich, November 12, 1769, and died in the same city, December 2, 1853, after she had entered upon her eighty-fifth year. She was married to Mr. John Opie, the painter, in 1798, and after enjoying the happiness of that relation for nine years, was left a widow for the remainder of her long life by his death, in 1807. She had shared with her husband the struggles and straits through which he passed on his way to high success, she helped him to attain the distinction of which he was worthy, and she went from his death-bed to watch over the age and the infirmities of a beloved father.

These Memorials of her are not prepared with any great artistic skill; they owe but little to the ingenuity which works up from letters and diaries materials for feeding the love of personality and gossip. From the papers to which the compiler refers as in existence, and the wide range of correspondence which Mrs. Opie diligently cultivated till within a few weeks of her death, we cannot but believe that a far more interesting narrative might have been wrought out. However, this is all we are likely to have, and it becomes us to appreciate it highly, as we incline to do. The subject of the Memorials was a most pure-minded, pure-hearted, and affectionate woman, and her writings alike illustrate these qualities in herself and tend to foster them in her readers. She had not a lofty genius, a brilliant imagination, nor depth of insight. She herself confesses to foibles in her early years, which did not wholly leave her free from their influence in her most religious age. She appears to have had some loose relation to the Unitarians in her youth, and speaks of leaving them when she joined the Society of Friends. Her religion was in large measure emotional, but always richly bedewed with sweet charity, with holy and tender love, and with a sincere piety. The affectations of Quakerism seem less silly

and offensive in her than even in Mrs. Fry, and though some of the Friends were anxious about the zest and heartiness with which she continued to mingle in the gay world, she kept her independence and with it her purity and sincerity.

Her life for half a century was spent in alternate seasons of delightful intercourse with friends about and near her home, in journeys to the Continent, and in visits to London. She enjoyed the society of distinguished persons in every sphere of honor and usefulness. Lafayette, Guizot, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Dr. Chalmers, J. J. Gurney, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Berry, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, are the names of but a small portion of the bright list of those with whom she shared the pleasures of intimate acquaintance or of correspondence. With an untiring philanthropy she entered into all the benevolent projects which originated about the period of her mature life, and she had always under her care some objects of personal sympathy or charitable ministration. Slight and imperfect as are the revelations of private life which are made in this volume, they are sufficient to awaken in the reader a new and more vivid sense of the sources of happiness, of daily comfort, and of unselfish interest in others, which human existence opens under a favorable state of culture. The close friendships which Mrs. Opie kept bright through the waste of years, and the yearnings toward the sweet land of faith for blessed reunions which every bereavement quickened in her heart, are sacred tokens of the high relations of humanity. Her Memorials impress us with chastened feelings, and raise us above the common level of life.

Sandwich Island Notes by a Häolé. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 493.

THIS is a very sad book. The extinction of a gentle, hospitable race is shown to be a necessary result of their almost universal profligacy. Mixture with foreigners has supplanted their idolatry with Christianity, but has not overcome at all their peculiar, besetting sin. In 1853 the Chief Justice of the Hawaiian kingdom reported to the king, that in his opinion "licentiousness is so deeply planted in the heart of this nation, — the cancer has spread its roots so entirely throughout the body politic, — that no skill of the legislator can cure it, and it must eventually destroy the nation."

Honorable mention is made of the missionaries as Christian teachers, but their political economy and civil administration are shown to be oppressive and pernicious. With an expenditure,

through the thirty-five years' effort, of nine hundred thousand dollars, with crowded churches and flourishing seminaries, with an almost dictatorial power over the natives and the active sympathy of the principal nations in intercourse with the Islands, it is really sad to know that nothing is done to arrest the infanticide, immorality, decay, and extinction of an easily impressed people.

Annexation to the United States, which our author advocates, would develop their material resources, augment their population, reveal the inexhaustible wealth of their soil, but could not save the race from passing away. An impressive lesson of how little a delicious climate, an admirable position, every natural facility, even superior religious privileges, can do for a self-indulgent community !

When Captain Cook visited the Islands, their population was computed at four hundred thousand. The census of 1832 gave one hundred and thirty thousand ; that of 1836, one hundred and eight thousand. The next census will not exceed sixty-five thousand ; thirty years more, and the " Kanaka " will have disappeared.

Armenia : a Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. By HON. ROBERT CURZON, Author of " Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant." New York : Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 226.

MR. CURZON, whose former volume made a place for him among the most trustworthy of Levantine travellers, visited this little-known portion of Turkey as an officer of the British government, to adjust a disputed boundary, and at great hazard of health and life. Armenia hardly deserved to retain distinct nationality, or offered sufficient temptation even to the adventurous traveller ; the mountain-passes by which it is entered are exceedingly dangerous, the summer fevers widely prevalent and often fatal, the winter weather protracted and severe, the natives are below the usual level of the Turks, and much of the country is a melancholy ruin.

The Armenian Church has been rising into notice lately because of the conversion of many of its priests, and some of their congregations, by American missionaries. The seat of their great patriarchs, called Catholicos, is at Etchmiazin : under him are forty-seven archbishops, chiefly titular, the three patriarchs of Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Diarbekir, an unknown number of bishops, and a great many poor monasteries. Their ordinary service seems to have more ceremonial and severer fasting than the Roman Catholic, with which they are affiliated. A printed copy of

the Scriptures has been in circulation among them for forty years, containing, besides our books, the "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the History of Joseph and his Wife, and the Book of Jesus," in the Old Testament; and in the New, the "Epistle of the Corinthians to St. Paul, and his Third Epistle to them."

This general possession of the Scriptures and the unusual independence fostered by their isolated situation have inclined them more than any other Oriental community to Protestant appeals, and have resulted already in perhaps a score of Protestant-Armenian churches. Were these confined to the wretched neighborhood of Erzeroom, among a stupid, retrograding population, there would be small cause for exultation; but the Armenian is scattered all over the Levant, is the broker, banker, "merchant-prince," of many a renowned city of the Orient, so that the influence now exerted upon them by the American printing-press reaches through Turkey, much of Asia, part of Africa, and even to the seaports of China.

Mr. Curzon's journey was made eleven years ago, but no material changes have occurred since that time, and his intelligence, fidelity, and descriptive talent entitle him to confidence.

The Electra of Sophocles, with Notes, for the Use of Colleges in the United States. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. New Edition, revised. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Company. 1854. 12mo. pp. 159.

THE students in our colleges have much reason for thankfulness to President Woolsey. We well remember the gratitude with which we passed from a diminutive German edition of Sophocles without notes, to the fair paper, clear type, and satisfactory annotations of the *Antigone* edited by this thorough scholar. The "*Electra*" before us is a third revision by the same editor, and embodies the results of the study of sixteen years, aided during the last, as the President is careful to state, by the edition of Schneidewin. The mechanical execution of the work is excellent, though it falls short of the luxuriousness of the "*Birds*" as issued by Mr. Bartlett, of Cambridge, and we think that we prefer, on the whole, the type of the latter. Still, it would be very unreasonable to make any complaint of a book which will enable the student who has any degree of diligence to understand thoroughly one of the noblest dramas of one of the greatest masters of the tragic art. With such aids at hand, our young men should be encouraged to extend their studies beyond the catalogue of classical books prescribed for a particular academical year. The notes of this edition are so ample, that a

teacher, though of course to be desired on many accounts, would not be absolutely indispensable, and besides adding to his knowledge of a language so exquisite as the Greek, the student of the *Electra* will be carried much farther into the depths of the human soul, that first and last of mysteries, than by skimming over acres of the *rifaciméntos* that make up so much of modern literature. The Preface is brief, but comprehensive and discerning, and the notes, besides clearing up the meaning of obscure passages, are quite full upon those points of grammar which students in colleges are so likely to neglect to the ruin of their scholarship.

Russia. Translated from the French of the MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 499.

THIS work was received with favor on its first appearance some few years ago, on account of its various elements of interest, as embracing personal history, religious and political disquisitions, narratives of adventure, valuable local information, and last, not least, the hearty expression of strong individual convictions and prejudices. The author says plainly, that he went to Russia to seek for arguments against representative governments, and that he returned a partisan of constitutions. It was in 1839 that the author commenced his Russian travels, and he felt that he ran some risk in the freedom with which he made and wrote down his observations. These he kept reserved from publication for three years. The subject-matter of one page is no index at all of what will be found on the next page, so discursive and curious is this gossip writer. He makes earnest expression of a strong religious faith, and we see no reason to question the correctness of any of his statements. The reappearance of the volume is very opportune at this time, for, without doubt, it was written with more deliberation than are nineteen out of twenty of the books on Russia which now ask our perusal.

History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1854. 3 vols. 8vo.

WE have heard of an excellent lady who lamented that so many descriptions of guilt should defile the literature of the

world, and innocently proposed that writers should refrain from telling of anything wicked and improper. If this amiable rule were adopted, it would put an effectual stop to all histories of "Latin Christianity," or Greek Christianity either. Indeed, one would be at a loss to find a record of more frequent disgusts, more teeming with infatuations, spotted more deeply with foulness and blood, than that of the dominant Mediæval Church. The student of this confused and revolting period, who looks chiefly at its historic surface, will be tempted sometimes to regard the actors in it as little better than so many savage or cunning or silly beasts; and even to strike in with the whimsical remark of a very benevolent divine, that man may seem to be the meanest creature of the Almighty, excepting the monkeys. Not that it is good to be cynical, even in sport. It would be childish, also, not to reflect that the noblest qualities of mind and affection, and the dearest charities of human life, were active, though unrecorded, under the most turbulent tides of events; and that those ages which are stigmatized as dark, and were really so chaotic, still felt the breath of a heavenly Providence upon their face, and bore the elements and struggles towards fairer births in their bosom. After making every allowance, however, that justice requires, and subduing the feelings to the kindest temper of judgment, every one must admit that cruelty, craft, baseness, and all the worst passions, are odious in an extraordinary degree, when they are mixed up with religious pretension, and the current of ecclesiastical narrative, and the purest and highest objects of human thought.

The title of these volumes seems to give the promise of unity to a complicated subject. It sounds as if it meant to inclose within well-defined limits a portion of history that is for ever wandering out into all the regions and dialects of the earth; as if by a new method it would clear up and guide our thoughts where they are in great danger of being confused and desultory. But such a promise could hardly be fulfilled. It is rather kept to the ear than realized to the understanding. The boundaries of what can be called Latin Christianity are not found on examination to be very precise. It ends, indeed, naturally enough, with the Reformation. But when does it begin? Dean Milman brings us a little to a stand with his very opening sentence: "The great event in the history of our religion and of mankind, during many centuries after the extinction of Paganism, is the rise, the development, and the domination of Latin Christianity." This is saying that it did not begin till Heathenism had fallen. But certainly long before that event took place the new religion had written freely in the Roman tongue. Tertullian had poured out his burning African heart in a style that, if something harsh, was that of

the old Empire. Cyprian, a most copious author in the same speech, failed to save his life from the fury of idolaters. Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, could describe "The Death of the Persecutors"; but they were a race that even in his time was not quite extinct, and showed their animosity, though on a smaller scale, as bitterly as ever. And not far from a century earlier than he, Minucius Felix, who is called a Christian Father, published a Treatise which has been admired for its graceful Latinity as well as for its sentiments. In addition to this is the further consideration, that the West and the East were so intertwined, down to the era of the great schism, that it is impossible to avoid speaking of one almost as much as the other in certain parts of the narrative. We do not mean to charge any serious defect here against the plan of the present work, which is ordered as well as it could be, so far as that point is concerned. We are in fact to look upon it as the continuation of a former publication, the "History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism." It revolves round the Papal hierarchy for its historical centre; as is indicated in some degree by the second part of its title. And what a dismal centre to turn upon is the Papacy of Rome! With bright and grand aspects, it is true, but so closely linked with the worst abominations of the worst of times. Dean Milman is eminently candid in his judgment of this amazing power. He does not shut his eyes to any of its mischiefs. He does not gloss over any of its atrocities. He does not give his sympathies, as Dr. Lingard does, rather to such Churchmen as Dunstan, than to the victims of their tyranny, knavery, and cruelty. He plainly names among its local and political wrongs, — about which certainly we care the least, — that the Papacy has been "the eternal, implacable foe of the independence, unity, and welfare of Italy," stamping upon it the doom of servitude to "the stranger." At the same time, he recognizes with a willing admiration the services that it has rendered to civilization in the stormy ages when its ascendancy was the greatest. It would be hard to find within the compass of a single page so comprehensive, so discriminating, and so hearty a recital of these services, as is contained in the closing paragraph of the third chapter of his seventh book. He goes so far as to say, that Gregory VII. himself may be considered, "in some respects, and with great drawbacks, a benefactor to mankind."

With so trusty a guide, one feels ready and eager to traverse again even such dreary tracks as those that lie through the Mediæval Church. Dean Milman brings to his task the highest qualities for doing it well; an accomplished mind trained by the most generous studies, copious and various learning, habits of accurate research, and the preparation of many years of thought directed

towards this very subject. A poet, dramatist, and divine, as well as an historian, he has long taken an honorable part in the elegant literature of Great Britain, uniting the gifts of a fine imagination to a philosophical spirit. We had reason, therefore, to expect much from these volumes; and it would be ungrateful to say that we have been disappointed, though the merits of different parts are very unequal. The intellectual tone of them is excellent always. They invariably show a large and charitable nature. Some of the stories are exceedingly well told. The criticisms, references, illustrations, that meet us just often enough in the notes, are very apt to be interesting by their shrewdness, their information, or their suggestiveness. Such chapters as that on Iconoclasm are marked with great refinement of thought. The accounts of early Britain, and of the first British missionaries, are related with peculiar beauty and effect. In a few other places we could willingly have been spared some of the minuteness of historic detail, for the sake of receiving, in its stead, those fine generalizations, which the author understands too well how to make to present them with no freer a hand. His polished words often seem running to sad waste, as they glide in and out through a rapid list of rascals with sacred and noble names, who are busy about some villany or other in bewildering ways that no living mortal can care to comprehend.

We are constrained to say what will sound very strangely to those who have not looked into these volumes, but are familiar with the literary fame of their author, that the pleasure and even the facility of reading them are both much impaired by the hard and faulty style of their composition. We do not mean that it is obscure with that German haziness which is apt to make the Chevalier Bunsen so difficult to get on with. Still less do we mean that it has the faultiness of Sir Archibald Alison, with his turgid trivialities. The faults we must name are of a different kind from theirs. At times the blame seems chargeable upon carelessness; for the writer appears to be fairly wearied with the dulness of his labor, and with a consciousness of the weariness that he must inflict. But for the most part it is not so. We are obliged to think that he has carefully chosen his peculiar modes of expression, unless we may suppose that his long course of Latin and Teutonic studies has given an unsuspected twist to his English periods. We should be ashamed to be speaking now of small matters;—such as the very frequent use of the verb “had” in the old-fashioned subjunctive mood, instead of the usual “might, could, would, or should have,” though the sentence is often rendered entirely ambiguous thereby;—or such as the word “directly,” for “as soon as,” an inaccuracy which we bear with in the irresistible flood of Charles Dickens’s humor and pa-

thos and stirring narrative, but which we do not excuse so easily in the Dean of St. Paul's. There are graver objections; such as really impede our journey through his book. The first is, that the language is habitually so elliptical as to arrest the attention by that singularity, and to give an impression of uneasiness as it hitches rather than flows along. The second is, that both the words of a sentence and the members of it are set together in stiff and unnatural relations very frequently. The governing noun is allowed to stand at long and intercepted distance from what it governs, and in the rear instead of the front; while the dislocated parts are forced into awkward and even ungrammatical combinations. A careful critic could fill pages with examples of such blemishes; where the laws of syntax are infringed; where expressions occur that do not bear analyzing; where the meaning is gathered with difficulty; and even where the verbal construction points a different way from the intention of the writer.

These volumes do not conclude the work. Two centuries and a half of the proposed History still remain, which will occupy probably — though we are not told so — two volumes more. In the closing pages of the third, Dean Milman explodes three of the fabulous accounts that have caught and deceived the ear of History. We will briefly relate these; that we may not seem to part in the spirit of fault-finding with one who is so distinguished an ornament of English letters. The romantic story of the Saracen princess, who became the mother of Thomas à Becket, seems too pretty to lose; but it is a sheer invention, — “an unquestionable ballad, if there ever was an historic ballad,” says our author (though we have taken the liberty to reverse the order of his words for the sake of greater distinctness). We were surprised to learn, also, that even the Saxon descent of that strange, strong man — into a belief of which the learned Thierry was deceived, and upon which he builds so much in his “*Histoire des Normands*” — is just as undeniably “an historic fable.” Another myth is that of the Pope Alexander III. treading upon the neck of the fierce Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The story so circumstantially rehearsed is an extraordinary fiction, which Milman supposes, though he does not tell us on what authority, to have originated from pictures representing his Holiness and his Majesty in such unseemly postures. “As Poetry has so often, here Painting for once became History,” he says. The thought is a good one; but we cannot help calling the attention of our readers to the singular fashion in which it is expressed. The last of these false legends is that which represents Celestine III. kicking off the crown from the head of Henry VI., which he had let him receive from between his feet,

and which the Cardinals then caught up and replaced. English hostility to the base and haughty Emperor on account of his treatment of Richard Cœur de Lion may perhaps have framed the falsehood. It is certain that Popish pretension right gladly adopted it. Truly the Church, as well as "this world," has been much "given to lying." The practice did not begin with Gregory the Great, though he himself has left us very pretty samples of it; and it is not likely to end under any Pontificate.

Gan-Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 235.

THIS book is just what it claims to be, neither more nor less. It is no substitute for any other work, and no other work is likely to become a substitute for it. Pictures of Cuba we have here, drawn with truth doubtless, certainly with beauty. The writer does not aim to give us history, statistics, "useful information," or "solid facts" of any kind, though, if we may judge by his pages, imbued with the very spirit of research, he is abundantly able to furnish these. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is its style. We are safe in the opinion, that the style of composition in descriptive works should be adapted to the subject, like coloring and treatment in painting. Who would use the language of the East to describe Siberia? How utterly would a barren and studied diction fail to convey lively impressions of the Indies! None but a poet should undertake to tell men about the tropical climes, whose extravagant nature demands an extravagant art in its setting forth. The land of romance calls for the language of romance. Eliot Warburton's Oriental travels are written in a style warm and glowing as Arabia itself; and Mr. Curtis gives us the very effect of Syria in his luscious and languishing pages. The volume before us is not to be classed with the productions of either of these writers, but in its general character it much resembles them. Its author has *felt* Cuba, and pours out his feeling in language exuberant and varied as the island's own vegetation, — brilliant, imaginative, heavy with aromatic fragrance, but never too gorgeous, considering what gorgeous things he paints. His chapters teem with allusions and sparkle with wit, while here and there an aphoristic sentence lodges a piece of wisdom cunningly in the mind, and fading recollections of our old romance-reading are charmingly revived. If we were to criticize the composition of the book, we should say that in general it was faulty in being too uniformly saturated with elegant learning. The author's mind is so

abundantly stored with every kind of lore, that it lets drop its treasures in spite of itself, and so gems his pages with fine hints, criticisms nice but remote, rare bits of knowledge, and choice results of reading, as to make the style seem to the unimaginative, fanciful, and to the ignorant, obscure. To say, for instance, that the Montero is "as cunning as Clovis, and as false as Lok," is not, we presume, to define him very nicely, or by the most suggestive comparison to the multitude. But this familiar display of learning, which might render many authors liable to the charge of pedantry, is but a trifling defect of manner in one who evidently does not think whether he is learned or not; and shows him rather wanting in sympathy with ordinary readers, than inordinately conscious of his own power.

The first eleven chapters of *Gan-Eden* are devoted to the Island itself, — its scenery, cities, plantations, and social life. Chapter twelfth more particularly describes the Cubans, — Peninsulars and Creoles, — their relations to each other, occupations, habits, and respective influence, — their institutions, civil, political, and religious; and a gloomy sketch it is, indeed, of tyranny, ignorance, hypocrisy, violence, and sloth, redeemed by nothing but picturesqueness. Chapter thirteenth, the most careful, thoughtful, and impressive of all, with remarkable gentleness and fairness presents a view of slavery in Cuba. The author tells us, that, under the auspices of some of his most valued friends, men of candor and character, he saw the system in its most favorable aspects; and he assures us that "Slavery on parade is just as repulsive to every thoughtful lover of his kind, as is Slavery in undress. It does not better the impression of the institution, that its victims appear to us sleek, fat, and gay." The case is certainly, upon the mildest representation, bad enough: for although the slaves in Cuba are protected and privileged in many ways, and their whole condition is superior to that of the American slave, who "has no hope but that of which man cannot deprive him, the hope of Immortality," still "the vision of *this* tyranny lights a flame in the soul before which doubts and opinions are as flax in the fire."

The next chapter gives an interesting and surprising account of Cuban literature, which will be new to all but the very curious in such matters. It is pleasant to learn that "there have been thinkers and artists in a land indifferent to thought and to art, true lovers of liberty in an atmosphere of oppression." The book closes fitly with a few brief but pregnant remarks touching the future of Cuba, which are so refreshing in these times of braggadocio and "manifest destiny" hurrah, that we would gladly transcribe them entire. To any very Young American they would fairly be worth double the price of the volume. Mr.

H—— but we will not divulge the open secret of authorship — does not believe that Cuba will ever be revolutionized from within, because the indolent Creoles prefer holding their slaves quietly under the dominion of Spain, to securing them as auxiliaries or meeting them as antagonists in the event of a struggle for independence. Equally unlikely is it, in this writer's view, that the island will be revolutionized from without; for Spain is stronger, and the blacks are more insurrectionary, than we are prone to think. And aside from all this, the wisdom of an invasion, or even of a purchase, is quite as questionable as its practicability, the social and agricultural interests of the Southern States themselves being fully considered. Such, in general, is the method of our author's "croaking," as he calls it. For his arguments in detail we commend the public cordially to his book, hoping that the concluding portion may counteract in some degree the effect of the earlier chapters, whose "flavor of guano on the lips" will otherwise, we fear, serve but to whet the already too keen appetites of our dainty adventurous countrymen.

Memorable Women: the Story of their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND, Author of "Lydia, a Woman's Book," etc. With eight Illustrations by Birket Foster. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 355.

MRS. CROSLAND has shown excellent taste and judgment in the choice of subjects for her portrait-gallery. She has wisely restricted her selection to the last three centuries, and to those women who have been even more memorable for their virtues than for their exalted positions. But she has also taken her heroines from different walks of life, and from those who have been placed in circumstances the most varied and the most trying. Foremost among them stands the illustrious figure of Lady Rachel Russell, one of the sweetest and most fragrant characters in English history. Born of a distinguished family, and living in the dissolute reign of Charles the Second, this

"Sweet saint, who sat by Russell's side
Under the judgment-seat,"

preserved a life of unspotted purity in the midst of the fiercest afflictions, and has left a name to be held in honor wherever the domestic affections are cherished. We know, indeed, scarcely anything more touching and beautiful, than the tenderness with which she regarded the memory of her husband during the long years that she survived his execution. Her published letters

are a precious memorial of unfaltering affection in an age of the grossest licentiousness.* The next chapter in the volume comprises a very pleasing sketch of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Piozzi, happily discriminating the differences in their characters, and presenting their domestic virtues as well as their literary attainments and social qualities. From them we pass to a brief and appreciative memoir of Mary Ware, whose bright example is familiar to all our readers in the touching and eloquent pages of Dr. Hall's admirable *Life*, and must always be contemplated with fresh pleasure and satisfaction. In the fourth chapter we have an interesting biography of Mrs. Hutchinson, known to every student of English history in the seventeenth century by her fascinating memoirs of her husband. Interwoven with the sketch of Mrs. Hutchinson's life is a brief memoir of Lady Fanshawe, the wife of a distinguished Cavalier, and a woman of tried excellence. The volume closes with biographies of Margaret Fuller, Marchesa Ossoli, and Lady Sale, both of them remarkable women, though actuated by entirely different motives and moving in circumstances equally diverse.

Such are the heroines to whom Mrs. Crosland's volume introduces her readers. In perusing their lives one cannot but notice how largely trial and calamity entered into their earthly experience, and how much their happiness depended on the domestic affections. It is significant of woman's true sphere and mission, that these "memorable women" found their true position within the circle of home duties and affections, rather than in the declamatory pursuit of abstract or imaginary rights. When Lady Russell and Mrs. Hutchinson were called by a sad necessity to act in a more public scene than that which they so much adorned, their whole conduct was marked by the strictest modesty and good judgment; and when those evil days were over, they returned to their own families to educate their children, seeking there their chief pleasures and duties. Certainly Mrs. Crosland has done wisely in setting "before the young women of the present day" such examples of wives and mothers for imitation.

Her treatment of her subjects is, in the main, happy and judicious, clearly bringing out the marked features in the lives and characters of those whom she describes. But there is a frequent carelessness about her style which injures its general effect, and we have noticed too many inelegant or incorrect expressions.

* A new edition of Lady Russell's *Letters*, in two volumes, with portraits and illustrative notes, has recently been published in London, and is now before us. In addition to the letters previously printed it contains a considerable number which are entirely new. The most important of these is an unfinished paper addressed to her children on the anniversary of their father's death.

With this exception, however, we have little to offer by way of criticism. The volume, it is true, contains little, if anything, that is new; and its merit consists chiefly in the clearness and accuracy of its biographical sketches and in the healthiness of its whole tone. In these respects it is deserving of the highest praise.

The Symmetrical Structure of Scripture: or the Principles of Scripture Parallelism exemplified, in an Analysis of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and other Passages of the Sacred Writings. By the REV. JOHN FORBES, LL. D., Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Dublin: John Robertson, and Hodges & Smith. 1854. 8vo. pp. 352.

It seems that Professor Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary we believe, has in the introduction to his Commentary on Isaiah objected to the method, introduced by Lowth, of printing the sentences of that prophet as if they were poetry, and so according to the commentator awakening an unfounded expectation. Dr. Forbes, stirred by this extravagance of the American professor, is ready to maintain against all comers that the Bible is all, or almost all, poetry; that, at any rate, it can be so arranged as to look like poetry. The truth appears to be, as most unprejudiced persons will admit, that the great Book of books is made up of both prose and poetry, and that much of its prose, going forth as it does from the abundance of inspired hearts, and being more than a plain historical record, flows on in majesty and beauty, with a movement which is almost song. The prophet must needs be a poet, and the inspired teacher or apostle cannot be much less. Moreover, the different books that make up the Bible are different manifestations and gifts of one and the same Spirit, ever entering into our infirmities to raise us up. We should look, therefore, for those connections and correspondences which must always belong to the various creations of the same minds, and we find what we look for. Thus much is certainly true, — perhaps a great deal more; indeed, it is the easiest thing in the world to imagine a great deal more, for the inexhaustible wealth of Scripture yields something in support, or at least in illustration, of every conceivable theory. Our author, taking a hint from the parallelisms in Hebrew poetry to which Lowth called attention, and further stimulated by the investigations of Bishop Jebb and the Rev. T. Boys, believes that he has discovered a very wonderful and

prevailing symmetry of parts in Scripture, an arrangement of sentences and topics which is fitted to illuminate and emphasize the transcendent truths of the Word. We have looked at quite a number of his proofs and illustrations, but we are compelled to confess that we have not been much struck with them; on the contrary, a vast deal of the work seems to us exceedingly puerile, diluted too beyond the necessities of the feeblest babes. We turned, for example, with some eagerness of interest to the author's analysis of the Beatitudes, because, taught by one who, although not a professor of exegesis, was mighty in the Scriptures, we had long been accustomed to look upon these golden sentences as descriptive of the beginning, growth, and maturity of the Christian life. Through the first and second Beatitudes we went along with Dr. Forbes very happily. The religious life truly begins from a deep sense of want: "Blessed are the poor in spirit!" It goes forward when we mourn over this want, when it is a cause of sorrow to us: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted!" But here, as it seems to us, Dr. Forbes completely breaks down, inasmuch as he takes the third Beatitude for a blessing pronounced upon the meek in general, whereas the progress of the true life and of the description of the true life requires us to celebrate the joy of those who are not made proud, spiritually proud, by the discovery that they have taken the first steps in the religious course. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit" the land, the land of promise, the heavenly estate; — they are free from that spiritual pride which has proved the end of so many promising beginnings; they are humble and silent, and do not exhaust themselves with parading before the world their sense of sinfulness and the sorrow into which it has plunged them. If we can trace a progress of this sort, it is of infinitely more interest than anything to be educed from combinations of three and four and seven and ten.

Dr. Forbes has given us in a concluding section an essay on the plenary inspiration of Scripture, a dogma which seems to him so important, that he is ready to maintain that without it the Bible is almost valueless, because errors are found side by side with its truths. But if we could establish in any way the plenary inspiration of the manuscripts in their original drafts, who shall answer for the transcripts and for the translations? Have they been supernaturally guarded, too? Or, again, for the Doctor bases his dogma upon Scripture, what shadow of proof is there that Mark and Luke, who were not Apostles, were plenarily inspired? How can they be brought within the sweep of the promise of the Lord to his Apostles that the Spirit of truth should lead them into all truth and bring to their remembrance whatsoever things he had said unto them? Not that we think

lightly of the Gospels of Luke or Mark, but that we are vexed by extravagant demands for Scripture made by unwise friends, to the damage of the really solid claims of the Oracles of God. And what does our author come to, after all, with all his dogmatic persistency? "He does not think it necessary to maintain that all the words reported by the Evangelists were spoken exactly in the order and on the occasions given." "Their office was to convey a faithful idea of the doctrine of the Lord." So say we, and we believe that this could be done, and was done, without plenary inspiration.

Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy from Kant to Hegel; designed as an Introduction to the Opinions of the recent Schools. By HEINRICH MORITZ CHALYBÄUS, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German by ALFRED TULK. Andover: W. F. Draper & Brother. 1854. 12mo. pp. 397.

A VAST deal of nonsense has been written under the name of metaphysics, and a vast deal of nonsense has been written in disparagement of metaphysics. Very many of those who have opposed the pursuit of speculative philosophy, and have ridiculed works on the subject as unintelligible, do not seem to have realized that metaphysics cannot possibly be light reading, and that we have no right to ask of the speculative philosopher that we shall be able to understand and possess ourselves of his discussions, with any less labor than we bestow, as a matter of course, upon other scientific treatises. No one hopes to become master of a work on chemistry by turning over the pages after dinner. So we strove to keep down some natural risings of impatience as we endeavored to commune with Chalybäus on a day when only very brave persons dared to look at a thermometer. And when we found that our author, as is so generally the issue with the abler metaphysicians, seemed to have led us to no satisfactory result, we were still ready to acknowledge that it is worth a great deal to be certified even of this under an able guide, to know just what is to be known, even if it be the least conceivable. We must think. We are bound to glorify God with our minds as well as with our hearts and hands. We must know just what speculation can do towards clearing up the great subjects which engage our attention as spiritual beings. It is hard to understand why we should not be as much interested in ourselves, who are living and breathing now, as in fishes that have been fossils these thousands of years. Still we wish that

Chalybäus had been translated by some one who understands the English language better than Alfred Tulk, though, on the whole, we are ready to attribute the obscurities of this volume to the subject rather than to the translator. It must be true of this country, as of Great Britain, "that the book assuredly will not be deemed too elementary"; we quote the words from a very satisfactory indorsement of the original by that eminent Scotch metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton. Undoubtedly to an accomplished student of the language the German would be more intelligible than the English translation has been to us. Revised and cleared up a little, as it should be in the next edition, and faithfully studied, as a work on the science of the mind deserves to be, it will be of great service, not only as "an introduction to the opinions of the recent schools," but as the sum and substance of the whole matter for all save the few, the very few initiated, unto whom it is given to know the mysteries of this most hidden of all kingdoms.

The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Under-world. By FREDERIC HUIDEKOPER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. New York: Charles S. Francis & Co. Meadville, Pa.: D. Sexton. 1854. 12mo. pp. 187.

THERE is a vast deal of carefully digested learning compressed into this thin duodecimo. It contains, besides much else that is of value and interest, a very full account of the opinions entertained by the Fathers of the Church concerning the descent of the Saviour into Hades, a subject which the reader may find treated at some length in a former number of our Journal.* The student of Church history who would inform himself about a very singular belief, the vestiges of which are still traceable in the creeds, if not in the individual utterances, of Christians, will do well not only to read but to study this volume, which, spite of its unpretending size, offers everything which is essential to a complete view of the subject. Incidentally, moreover, the book is of interest for the glimpse which it affords of the types of thinking and imagining that prevailed amongst the early Christians, and for the instructive contrast between their theorizing and dreaming and the grand plain Gospel preached by Christ and the Apostles. This contrast is appealed to by the author, with great success, as supplying an admirable argument for the genuineness of the Gospels. There is one point which

* May, 1851.

we could wish that Professor Huidekoper might have treated, — one question for which we crave at least an attempt at an answer. It is this: Why did such an opinion or belief as this book describes prevail so widely and so long amongst earnest Christians? Is there any basis of facts for what they so stoutly maintained? If we take what they say as spoken in a figure, does it express any spiritual truth? Christ certainly was numbered with the departed during a part of three days; he entered into the mystery, not only of dying, but of death; if we pass at once into the unseen world, he passed at once into it; he said to the penitent malefactor at his side, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The early Christians mistook, indeed, the place of the unseen world; we, with more modesty, or rather with clearer consciousness of ignorance, know no more than they; and whether we specify the under-world or not, we believe that Christ went into the abode of departed spirits. Was his spirit without consciousness during that sojourn in the unseen land? If conscious, how was it employed? These questions and the like crowd upon our notice. But it is ungracious in us to ask one who has already done so much and so well, to do more; certainly we ought rather to be thankful to him for performing what he undertook, than complain that he has not performed what he did not undertake.

The Apocatastasis, or Progress Backwards. Burlington: Chauncey Goodrich. 1854. 8vo. pp. 202.

IN reading this quaint, queer book, we were at a loss to tell whether amusement or admiration were uppermost. It is full of curious learning, showing in other ways than by direct quotation a mind thoroughly imbued with classical literature, and accurately trained in that rare discipline. With all this, it abounds in the most ingenious drollery, and careless squibs, and quiet or broad fun, that make it extremely diverting. And then the whole is crowned by a lofty spirit of rebuke against one of the most impudent pieces of charlatanry that ever dared to take the form, or rather the place, of religious instruction. We have not heard even a surmise as to the name of the writer; but we are sure, from the practised skill with which he handles words, that he has made himself conspicuous before this, and will soon be heard from again. His object is to show that the new theology of the pretended spirit manifestations, and those manifestations themselves, are only a reappearance of ancient delusions. And this he does with a keenness and force, which leave little to re-

gret but that so much of the merit of his book must be lost to those who are unacquainted with the Greek and Latin languages; for in these his style is everywhere dipped. We have room for but a single extract, and that must be a garbled one, from the conclusion of the fourteenth chapter: — "Let those who choose and dare, degrade 'the Living God' to a 'Principle,' and themselves to animals, that they may escape the moral accountability of men. Let those who need and dare, invite the presence and influence of familiar spirits, and take counsel of the souls of the dead. Let those to whose character he is correlative, or to whose wishes he corresponds, fancy to themselves or find in Nature a God, who, in his moral attributes, is far below the demands even of the half-unfolded religious consciousness of mankind. Let those to whom it is appropriate pay their Nature-Worship to the great Productive Principle; their aweless and irreverent homage to the unconscious Immutable Laws. As for us, still unto the King Eternal, Invisible, the transcendently personal 'I AM,' we will not cease to offer, through Christ Jesus, our love and our fear, become one in adoration."

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated from Designs by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 326, 432.

It was, of course, expected that the distinguished lady whose fame as the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has compassed the globe, would write a book upon the tour which she made in Europe. She was invited to cross the water by the earnest solicitations, not to say the acclamations, of many of those whom she had charmed by her wonderful story. Never has man or woman gone from these shores to receive a heartier welcome from thousands of the people of England and Scotland, than that which awaited her. She was sure to behold sunny friends and sunny scenes, and, with a heart like hers, the effects of her experiences would of course be "Sunny Memories." We think she has given a most expressive token of her own sincerity in thus proclaiming upon the very title-page of her book, as well as in her Preface, that she writes in gratitude and kindness; that she intends, for the most part, to record what she can love and praise; that the darker incidents and characteristics of human life in Europe are sure to find painters and narrators, and that there is no fear that they will soften the sadness of their representations or reports. We are proud to have had in England such a

representative of her sex from this land which has sent so many unreasonable creatures of both sexes to confirm the Britishers in their old notion that those of us who are not Indians are crazy persons. Her book is made up of letters, addressed, in the main, to members of her own family at home. The children, as is right, have the letter which describes the voyage and sea-sickness. She roamed over England, Scotland, Switzerland, and Belgium, and saw Paris, Berlin, and the Rhine. The Journal on the Continental tour was written by her brother; and the introductory fifty pages, containing a sketch of the complimentary proceedings and addresses made to her at public receptions, were edited by her husband. Very interesting information will be found in the book concerning literary and famous persons and charitable institutions.

Utah and the Mormons. The History, Government, Doctrine, Customs, and Prospects of the Latter-Day Saints. From Personal Observation during a Six Months' Residence at Great Salt Lake City. By BENJAMIN G. FERRIS, late Secretary of Utah Territory. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 347.

THIS volume contains by much the most lucid and discriminating account of the Mormons which we have found in any one of the many books upon that extraordinary people. Mr. Ferris had peculiar opportunities for knowing them, and, after making good use of these means, he has given a good and perfectly reliable report to the public. He appears to be thoroughly fair in his representations, and though he makes no secret of his own conviction, that the origin of Mormonism was in the rankest imposture, and that its stronghold is found in a besotted credulity, he admits that sincere and good, though ignorant and silly persons, are numbered among its disciples. He gives us a very interesting sketch of the regions of the West over which the Mormons have passed in their successive settlements, and after tracing the personal history of Joe Smith, he subjects the whole "doctrine and discipline" of Mormonism to a thorough examination. The Latter-Day Saints — we hope they are the *last* of the sort — have flourished through what in a large construction is called "persecution." There is no civilized people under heaven who would not "persecute" them, if forced to live as their neighbors.

Sermons, by REV. JOSEPH HARRINGTON, of *San Francisco, California*. With a *Memoir*, by WILLIAM WHITING. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 276.

MR. WHITING, a friend and classmate of Mr. Harrington, has here given a brief, but sympathizing and appreciative Memoir, of a useful and honored young minister. A just tribute is paid to him for his faithful and successful labors as a teacher of one of the Boston schools before he entered upon his ministry. He served in some of the most arduous posts for Christian, especially for Unitarian effort, having been the pastor successively of our churches at Chicago, Illinois, at Hartford, Ct., and at San Francisco. Never were difficult duties performed more heartily than by Mr. Harrington. His services wherever he labored were appreciated. He had qualities which admirably adapted him to his sacred office, and he won the affections of his people. His arduous work in connection with the society at Hartford must identify his name with it so long as it lasts. When he went to the Pacific shore, the highest expectations were cherished as to his success. There was promise of a long-continued pastorate in his vigorous frame, his fine powers of writing and of speaking, and his zeal and patience. But he was an early victim. He fell sincerely mourned by a crowd of recent strangers there, as well as by a wide circle of friends at home.

Seventeen of Mr. Harrington's Sermons are published in this volume, including his Farewell Discourse to the Society at Hartford. They are written in a simple and earnest style of pulpit utterance, and deal with the time-worn themes of Gospel truth with a degree of freshness and individuality, which marks the engagedness of the writer's own heart upon them. The portrait is true to life. The volume will be welcome to many scattered over our land, who have heard the voice now silent, except as the echoes of memory and affection repeat its tones.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Harvard College Commencement. — The great festival at Cambridge occurred this year on Wednesday, July 19. Eighty-six members of the graduating class received in course the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on sixty candidates, that of Bachelor of Science on twelve; and in the course of the year thirty-five Medical Students received their diplomas. The following Honorary Degrees were conferred by the President and Fellows, after approval by the Overseers of the College, viz.: — That of Master of Arts on the Rev. George D. Wildes, of Boston; Josiah A. Stearns, of Boston; Charles W. Tuttle, of Cambridge; Thomas S. Hunt, of Montreal, Canada; and Christopher C. Langdell, of New Boston, N. H. That of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Messrs. Milton P. Braman, of Danvers; William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, Mo.; James W. Alexander, and Henry W. Bellows, of New York; and Charles Wellington, of Templeton. That of Doctor of Laws on His Excellency, Emory Washburn, Governor of Massachusetts; Justice Benjamin F. Thomas, of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth; Abbott Lawrence, of Boston; James Jackson, M.D., of Boston; and Timothy Walker, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The venerable Dr. Kendall of Plymouth invoked the Divine blessing at the dinner in the College Hall, which, as usual, was attended by a large company of graduates. The Triennial Catalogue is published this year, and, dry as it seems in the aspect of its pages, is examined with deep interest by many eyes.

Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard. — It seems now to be an established arrangement that the exercises of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and of the Association of the Alumni, shall take place on alternate years. This year belonged to the latter body. There was not so full an attendance as on previous occasions. The President of the Association, the Hon. Edward Everett, being unable to attend, the first Vice-President, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., filled his place. Both these gentlemen were reelected to their respective offices, and the Hon. Charles Sumner was chosen second Vice-President, in place of the Hon. Charles H. Warren, who declined a renomination. The Address this year was by Professor C. C. Felton, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe, and who pleased and instructed the intelligent audience which expected the treat enjoyed by them. The dinner in the College Hall exhibited a happy company, and many good speeches were made, the palm of super-excellence being assigned in all quarters to the venerable Ex-President Quincy, who, after having passed his fourscore years, administered a sound rebuke to those who either charged old age with unhappiness, or lived in their early days so as to fulfil the sad presage.

New Books.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. continue their series of the British Poets, published in large duodecimo form, by two volumes, containing "The Poetical Works of John Milton, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by John Mitford," and by a single volume containing "Poems, Plays, and Essays, by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. With a Critical Dissertation on his Poetry, by John Aikin, M. D., and an Introductory Essay, by Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq." The luxurious style in which these volumes appear, and their illustrative apparatus, with the fine portraits of the respective authors, will commend this series of the Poets to a sufficiently large number of purchasers to reward the enterprise of the publishers.

The same firm have issued the sixth volume of their edition of Lingard's History of England. This laborious work of the Roman Catholic historian has a deserved reputation on the score of faithful research, while those who expect the mental bias of the author to appear in it will none the less value it, as a party statement of issues the other side of which appears in our Protestant histories.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have published, in four sumptuous octavo volumes, "The Philosophical Works of David Hume," the preparation of which was some time since announced in our pages. We hope to do our part upon these volumes in our next Number.

The same firm have added three more volumes to their beautiful series of the British Poets, containing, "The Poetical Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with a Memoir"; "The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt, with a Memoir"; and "The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, with Notes, and a Biographical Sketch, by Rev. W. A. Hill, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford." We are glad to learn that the large outlay staked by the publishers upon this enterprise, which at first seemed venturesome, is put beyond all risk by the appreciating patronage of our large reading public.

The Messrs. Harper, of New York, have commenced the publication in numbers, to be issued semi-monthly, of a Statistical Gazetteer of the World, with special reference to the United States and British America. This work, of which we have seen three numbers reaching down alphabetically to the name Dover, appears in royal octavo form, printed in double columns, and is to be enriched with seven maps from the most recent surveys and explorations. The most accurate and elaborate works of foreign authors furnish the materials of this, so far as they concern the other regions of the globe, while particular pains are given by the Editor to the details of the census, of commerce, manufactures, &c., in places that have but recently received a name on this continent.

The same firm have published a very entertaining work on a fresh field of observation, bearing the following title: "Twenty Years in the Philippines, translated from the French of Paul P. de la Girioniere, revised and extended by the Author, expressly for this Edition." (12mo, pp. 372.) The writer went to these islands as a surgeon on board a French ship, and, being detained by circumstances, made his residence there for a score of years. He has taken pains to authenticate his own credibility as a narrator by good testimonies. This book will afford much interest and instruction, both by its illustrations and its printed pages.

Another of the pleasant series of Biographical History, by Jacob Abbott, has been issued by the Harpers, containing the History of Pyrrhus. (16mo, pp. 304.)

Redfield, of New York, has published in a generous style the "Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America in the Years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, or the First American Settlement on the Pacific. By Gabriel Franchere. Translated and Edited by J. V. Huntington." (12mo, pp. 376.) This also is an illustrated book, whose pages are filled with information relating to an arduous and hazardous enterprise which opened the way for a now flourishing commerce.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Theological School at Meadville, Pa. — A peculiar interest and solemnity attended the anniversary exercises of this promising Western institution this year. After ten years of faithful effort on the part of its founders and officers, aided by the generous sympathy, faith, and gifts of its friends over the whole Union, this School may be regarded as rooted in the affections and hopes of our brotherhood. For many reasons we look to it, and to its annual contribution of faithful men to the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, with an earnest confidence and with anxious expectations. Taken in connection with Antioch College, we must trust to it to do a work for the West which will ere long react upon the East, — a work between the success and the failure of which issues of unspeakable moment are suspended. The new Divinity Hall of the Meadville School was solemnly dedicated by appropriate services on June 28th. We have just finished the perusal of the Sermon which was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Providence, R. I., and which, as published in a handsome pamphlet by the Western Unitarian Conference, is for sale in this city, by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. May the exercises, the studies, the influences, and all the results connected with that institution, be in harmony with the spirit and lessons of this excellent Discourse. Its tone and its counsels are eminently Christian, breathing out a hearty, wise, and cheerful piety, recognizing the limitations of human faculties, the unavoidable divergences of human judgments, and the high demands of charity, while exacting for truth, for Christian truth, the reverent allegiance of those whose earthly and immortal welfare it concerns. The subject of the Discourse is, "The Spirit of Truth." The text is John xvi. 13. The heads of the Discourse are summed up in the following burdened sentence. "The Spirit of Truth, — as a power to be invoked, a temper to be cherished, a theology to be studied, a religion to be preached and spread, — these may define our theme and method." While the preacher was not unmindful of the peculiar position and the emphatic points which distinguish our own brotherhood, and in the defence and extension of which the Meadville School is to perform such service, he dropped no sentence that would offend any Protestant Christian. We

hope that the Western Conference will secure to this Discourse, so fervent, so intelligible, and so generous in its spirit, the widest possible circulation.

The Sermon before the Graduating Class was preached on the evening of the same day, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., — a classmate, in Amherst College, of Dr. Stebbins, the President of the Meadville School. The Sermon was a most vigorous and happy production of a man whose characteristics as an independent and most popular preacher in the ranks of Orthodoxy are well known by our readers.

The Sermon before the Alumni of the School was preached on the next day by the Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of Chicago, the publication of which is promised.

Eleven students graduated from the School this year. We give the subjects of the dissertations read by them in connection with their names. 1. Plenary Inspiration, by Henry B. Burgess. 2. The Prophet Elijah, by Lorenzo C. Kelsey. 3. The Faithful Minister's Reward, by Tyler C. Moulton. 4. The Jansenists, by John Murray. 5. Heathen at Home, by D. C. O'Daniels. 6. Personal Influence of Jesus, by C. C. Richardson. 7. Character of Peter, by Charles Ritter. 8. "The Field is the World," by William G. Scandlin. 9. The First Crusade, by Carlton Albert Staples. 10. Music, by Nahor Augustus Staples. 11. Palestine, as it Was, and as it Is, by George G. Withington.

One sad thought threw a shadow over the last Anniversary at Meadville. The occasion witnessed the fulfilment of many precious hopes, and the budding promise of more for the future. But there was missing from the happy company one whose venerable form and ever-cheerful countenance would have contributed to the joy of all the rest. On some following pages our readers will find a tribute to the late H. J. Huidekoper, Esq., the virtual founder, the generous patron, and the first President of this School, who died a little more than a month previous to the Anniversary. Blessings be on the memory of that benignant and good old man. We love our faith the more, because he was so noble an example, so true a witness, so evangelical a promoter of its Christian influences all around him.

Theological School at Cambridge. — At the Thirty-eighth Annual Visitation of this institution, which occurred on Tuesday, July 18, the Order of Exercises, besides indicating the devotional services of prayers and hymns, assigned Dissertations on the subjects following to their respective authors, viz.: — 1. The Import of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints, by Mr. Calvin Stoughton Locke. 2. The Interests of Faith as affected by Historical Criticism and Scientific Research, by Mr. Richard Metcalf. 3. The Character and Influence of Methodism, by Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway. 4. The Use of Liturgies in Public Worship, by Mr. James Hackett Fowler. 5. Intellectual and Moral Faith compared, by Mr. Marshall Gunnison Kimball. 6. The Priest and the Prophet compared, by Charles Henry Wheeler. It appeared, however, that only two of the six members of the graduating class, though all of them were present, designed to gratify the friends and Alumni who had assembled for the purpose of hearing the exercises of the occasion. It appeared, moreover, that one of the ten thousand pha-

ses of that blessed thing called Liberty, or Freedom of Conscience, or Individualism, or the Rights of Mind, was in some way, either really and vitally, or fancifully and not really, connected with the unusual circumstances before us. A circular which was distributed about the Chapel, bearing the signatures of three members of the class, and giving reasons for their "having declined participating in the exercises" of the day, informed us that they had asked of the Theological Faculty "entire freedom in the selection and discussion of" their topics for Visitation-day, and that their request had been refused. We were about to say, that light was thrown upon the whole matter in the afternoon; but *light* is hardly the word to use in describing a discussion, or the effect of a discussion, which was so confused and for the most part so puerile, rambling, or involved in petty personalities, as to be wholly unworthy of the assemblage then present.

At the Annual Meeting of the Alumni after dinner, the Rev. Dr. Gannett having been re-elected President, and the Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Secretary, it was announced that the Rev. E. H. Sears, who was expected to deliver the address, was not well enough to perform the service, and that the Rev. W. H. Eliot of St. Louis, second speaker, had not been able to come northwards. Four topics were therefore presented by the Committee, that the brethren might select one or more of them in order that the time might be occupied in a discussion. The topic selected had reference to the respectful regard which the members of the School ought to entertain towards the Faculty and their established regulations. An Alumnus called the attention of the brethren to the omission of four of the graduating class to read dissertations upon the subjects assigned to them on the Order of Exercises, and requested that, if it were considered proper, an explanation might be offered. Whereupon one of the Professors, aided by occasional remarks from the other, proceeded to make a lucid statement, the substance of which we incorporate into what follows. Gentlemen, after passing the usual examination, on enrolling their names as members of the School, — and securing the privilege, if their circumstances require, of a share in the sacred bequests made by the piety of those who have passed away to aid in the education of candidates for the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, — are required to enter into an agreement that they will comply with the regulations of the institution. One of these regulations is, that the subjects for the Dissertations on the day of Visitation shall be assigned by the Faculty, and that the written papers shall be submitted to their examination and revision before they are publicly read. Of course a generous construction is put upon this rule, and a very liberal allowance is made by the Faculty in its application. The reasonableness of the grounds on which it is established need scarcely be urged. The objects of it are to secure a proper variety of topics; to adapt each to the taste and preferences of the writer as indicated by his course in the School; and to exclude anything which would be unsuited to the occasion or disrespectful to the assembled hearers. If any candidate should object to the topic assigned him, a conference with the Faculty will afford him relief in a topic preferable to it; and we are safe in affirming, that the Professors at Cambridge would interpose no censorship upon the freest expression of individual sentiment within the limits of decency, good taste, and a due regard to the place, the purpose, and the character of the assembly, as related to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It can hardly be supposed that any of our readers need to be informed that religious freedom in its largest sense is enjoyed by the members of this School. They sign no sectarian formularies, confessions, or creeds; they enter into no pledges of opinion or of dogmatical conviction. This is the *liberty* of the students. The Professors, on their part, share the same manly, the same Christian freedom. They are not pledged for the opinions of those who have been under their instruction. They do not vouch for the intellectual soundness, the spirituality, the piety, or even the Christian belief, of their pupils. They are bound to require a compliance with the regulations of the institution; to provide as faithful instruction during a three years' course as is possible, and an agreeable day annually for the friends of the School when they come as listeners, and then their responsibility to the students and to the community also ends in dismissing them with a certificate affirming simply that they have pursued the usual routine of study in the School. It belongs to the churches who propose to put such students into the ministry to satisfy themselves as to the Christian qualifications of candidates; and if they see fit to ask the opinion or the advice of the Professors, doubtless it will always be candidly and kindly imparted. It may be found that they will occasionally give the usual school certificate to those whom they would most earnestly dissuade any church from receiving as pastors. It will be obvious to any reflecting person, that, while the rights of free inquiry are hereby fully recognized, no other course than that pursued at this School would be consistent with them. As regards any inquisitorial inspection of the Dissertations read by members of each graduating class, we can only say that the sharpest Calvinism has had free utterance on a recent Visitation-day; and that, though Unitarianism was then given over with Popery to uncovenanted mercies, even Popery itself, if it found an advocate in an Alumnus, would be allowed to plead for itself on that occasion. But seeing that the exercises take place in a Christian temple and by a Christian altar, liberty within Christian limits does not imply liberty outside of them, nor offer a hearing to Deism or Atheism.

So far as we were able to gather anything like a clear idea from the confused and gossip talk which followed upon the statements made by the Professors of the School, the issue that caused four gentlemen to utter themselves from their seats instead of from the platform, was substantially this. In the course of the last term, one of the class had read a dissertation advancing some extravagant notions, which were objected to in the usual critical remarks that followed from one of the Professors. This same dissertation seemed to the writer quite suitable to be attached to the topic assigned him for Visitation-day, though the Faculty thought the connection between the two existed only in his imagination. Considering that the paper had been once objected to, to say nothing about its apparently forced relation to a prescribed title, the Faculty declined to accept it as a part of the entertainment to be offered to the friends of the School at their annual visit. Either the report of this refusal, or some incidental terms connected with it, brought up that aforesaid matter of "Liberty," and three other members of the class, after making the request to which we have referred, — that just as they were leaving the School they might be allowed to set at naught one of its few regulations, — and being denied, resolved to be silent then, and "to lay before the public, with frankness and fulness, the reasons and

circumstances under which " they took " this step." They say, however, that they were " not moved by personal sympathy, *nor by agreement in any opinion.*" The following resolution was passed by the Alumni:—

" *Resolved*, That the Alumni of the Divinity School, after hearing statements relating to recent occurrences in the School, express and record their confidence in the regulations of the Faculty hitherto in force respecting the presentation of Dissertations on the day of the Annual Visitation, as just and proper."

OBITUARIES.

H. J. HUIDEKOPER. — On Monday evening, May 22d, at his residence in Meadville, Penn., departed this life H. J. Huidekoper, aged seventy-eight years. The connection which our departed friend sustained to Liberal Christianity in this country, as well as his eminent moral and religious traits of character, make it proper to devote more than our usual space to a memorial of this good man.

He was born, April 3, 1776, at Hogeveen, a large village in the district (Landschap) of Drenthe, formerly part of what was then denominated the Seven United Provinces, now the kingdom of the Netherlands. His father, Anne Huidekoper, was born in Friesland; his mother, Gesiena Frederica Wolters, was a native of Drenthe. His father's family were decent burghers, and belonged to the Mennonites, a sect of Baptists who, in their practical views, resemble in many respects the Quakers. His mother's family occupied a middle rank between the nobility and the mass of the community, and had held public offices. But Mr. Huidekoper was too much of a republican to care for ancestral distinctions, and all such things were to him matters of indifference. His elder brother, between whom and himself a strong affection subsisted, left children, one of whom, Pieter Huidekoper, distinguished himself when Burgomaster of Amsterdam by resolution and firmness, as well as good sense, under very difficult circumstances. Several members of the family are still living in Amsterdam, and in the neighborhood of Haarlem, Utrecht, and Harlingen.

Although a very weak child; and not able to walk until he was three years old, the late Mr. Huidekoper enjoyed good health in after-life. He recollected going to a dame's school in early childhood, and studying his letters from a horn-book, suspended by a ribbon from the neck. Afterwards he went to the village common-school, which was a very poor one. The village where he lived afforded him few advantages for culture. The best thing which he remembered of his early years was the devoted affection of his mother, who seems to have been a person of superior mind. At ten years he went to a boarding school, at Hasselt, which he describes as a wretched institution. Here he remained seven years, learning little, because the teachers could teach very little. But when he was seventeen, he says, " my brother John took pity on me, and seeing that I was merely wasting my time at Hasselt, and knowing that my father's means did not allow him to do anything more for me, he proposed to send me, at his expense, to complete my education at Crefeld, in Germany. To this act of fraternal generosity

I have been indebted for much of my success in after-life. His conduct to me was generous and noble, and I shall feel grateful to him for it so long as I live."

In the brief memoir of his life, written for his children when he was sixty-three years old, from which we have quoted the above passage, he further writes: "Before I left Hasselt, I was, after the usual course of instruction, admitted as a regular member of the Dutch Reformed Church. This was, at that time, the national church of Holland. It was the church to which my mother belonged, and in which I had been educated, and was the only church which existed in my native province. The course of catechetical instruction, through which I went previous to my admission to church-membership, was not much calculated either to increase my knowledge of the Scriptures or to cultivate in me a religious spirit. It consisted almost exclusively in getting the Heidelberg Catechism by heart, and in learning to cite certain texts of Scripture in support of the dogmas it contains."

At Crefeld, he says, "I found myself all at once translated into a new world. I had hitherto only come in contact with persons who were from half a century to a century behind the age, and I now found myself in the society and under the care of gentlemen, who by their acquirements and their modes of thinking belonged to the age in which they lived.

"My new situation would have been altogether delightful, had it not been for a couple of pretty serious drawbacks. The first of these was, that I felt humiliated to see that many of my fellow-scholars, younger than myself, knew more than I did; and the second was, that I found myself in an institute where all the instructions were given in German, of which language I was wholly ignorant. I felt, however, that these were difficulties which could be overcome by dint of labor and application, and I set myself resolutely to work to overcome them. Luckily there is much similarity between the German and Dutch languages, and as I heard little else spoken than German, and could avail myself of my knowledge of the French language to ask explanations of any term which I did not comprehend, I was enabled in a very short time to pursue my studies with the rest of the scholars. Soon I learned to speak the German language, and even to write in the German character, and by dint of application and perseverance I had the satisfaction of finding myself by the end of the first year ranked among the first scholars of the institute.

"This was a happy period of my life, and one to which I have always looked back with pleasure. My studies were pleasing to me. For the first time in my life I had access to a large and well-chosen library, containing all the best German and French authors. I felt my mind gradually expanding and opening itself to new ideas, and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of my teachers and of my fellow-scholars."

During the last winter of his stay in Crefeld, it was the head-quarters of the French army of *Sambre et Meuse*, commanded by General Jourdan, afterwards one of the Marshals of France. In the fall of 1794, they had driven the Imperial army across the Rhine. Mr. Huidekoper had at this time an opportunity to see some men who afterwards became conspicuous, — such as the General-in-chief Jourdan, General Kleber, Le Fevre, afterwards Duke of Dantzic, and others.

After leaving Crefeld, in 1795, Mr. Huidekoper was induced to come

to America by the representations of his elder brother John, who had just returned from a voyage to this country, and who kindly proposed either to give him a situation in the mercantile house he was about establishing, or to furnish him with the means of going to America. He decided on the latter, feeling that a wider career would be opened to him in the New World, and sailed from the Helder to New York, August 12, 1796. The vessel was small, old, leaky, and a bad sailer, — the crew under-handed, the provision poor, and the passage occupied sixty-three days. But full of health and courage, these things did not dispirit the young Hollander, who occupied himself in studying English, and who, before reaching New York, was able to express himself intelligibly in this new language.

"Thus," says he, "at the age of twenty, I landed in a foreign country, with the language of which I was little acquainted, and which, so far as I knew, did not contain a single person I had ever seen; and here I was to make my own way, with no other assistance than what could be derived from two or three letters of introduction to countrymen of my own at Oldenbarneveld (now Trenton, N. Y.) and Cazenovia, and a letter of credit for money to supply my present wants. What rendered my situation more difficult was, that I had little or no acquaintance with the ways of the world, and had never been accustomed to act for myself, and that my education had tended more to teach me what others had thought than to think myself. I was, therefore, very deficient in experience, in a proper reliance on myself, and in the development of my mental powers. Such were some of the disadvantages under which I set out in this country. And notwithstanding these, a kind Providence has constantly so overruled events, that, with the exception of the loss of friends, my life has been an almost uninterrupted scene of prosperity."

New York was a very different place then from what it is now. We recollect hearing Mr. Huidekoper say that he called to see a gentleman living out of town, *somewhere just above the present Park*. A few years after, when he visited New York again, he found that this gentleman had gone farther into the country, to escape the suburbs of the city, which had begun to crowd upon him. He was, at that time, living in quiet and retirement about where Canal Street now crosses Broadway.

After a few days spent in New York, he went to Albany by a river sloop, the only mode of conveyance, and which occupied four days. Thence he went by carriage to Utica, then called Old Fort Schuyler, which occupied three days, a distance now traversed in three hours. Fort Schuyler consisted then of about two dozen houses, standing on leased ground, belonging to the Bleeker family of Albany. The year afterwards they sold to Mr. Boon some of the ground on which Utica now stands, at ten dollars the acre. From Utica, Mr. Huidekoper went to Oldenbarneveld, or Trenton, and delivered his letters to Messrs. Boon and Mappa, from whom he met with a very kind reception, and as they were all Dutch, living in the Dutch manner and speaking the Dutch language, he felt as if he had been carried back at once to his native country. Colonel Mappa was a Dutch exile, who in the struggle against the house of Orange, in 1786 and 1787, had commanded a body of patriot troops, and who after the revolution of 1787 had expatriated himself. He was a hospitable and kind man. Afterwards Dr. Vanderkemp, another Dutch exile, came to Trenton with his family. Part of

the first winter was passed by Mr. Huidekoper at Cazenovia. The last thirty miles of the road from Trenton to Cazenovia had to be made in one day, as there was no tolerable intermediate stopping-place, and the only way of travelling was on horseback. At half-past three in the afternoon he reached an Indian village, distant eighteen miles, and hence through muddy roads he went on alone. The sun was setting as he turned from the Genesee road, nine miles from Cazenovia; his horse was weary and had to be led; "and thus," says he, "sometimes walking and sometimes riding, I reached Cazenovia at nine in the evening, and at half-past nine *ate my breakfast*."

Mr. Huidekoper remained at Trenton till 1802, being part of the time in the employ of the Holland Land Company, which had an office in that place. He then removed to Philadelphia to accept a more advantageous offer of book-keeper to Mr. Busti, the agent-general of the same company. Here he remained till 1804, when he decided to go to Meadville, as agent for the sale of the lands of the same company in the northwestern counties of Pennsylvania; and here he remained fifty years, engaged in selling farms to settlers; first as agent of the company, and afterwards, having purchased their remaining lands, selling them on his own account. This business required great attention and industry; but it was fortunate for the country that it fell into the hands of such a man. The lands — instead of being held in large tracts by speculators, as has been too often the case elsewhere — were all offered at once to actual settlers on reasonable terms, in small quantities, and the time of payment made easy. The method of sale was thus. Suppose that a man wanted to buy one hundred and fifty acres, the price of which would perhaps be three dollars an acre. He paid down twenty-five or fifty dollars, (as he was able,) and received a contract, by which he agreed to pay the balance, at so much a year, during a term of years, and was to receive a deed at the end of that time. Thus, by proper industry and economy, he was able to make the farm pay for itself by its annual crops. In case of sickness or misfortune, more time was allowed him for payment. Thus many thousand persons, who came with scarcely any means, are now wealthy farmers in those counties. But matters were not at first put into a regular business train without difficulty. The previous agent was no accountant himself, and having an equally incompetent clerk, his accounts had become confused. To this difficulty were added others, arising from the state of the country, the disputes about the title, the attempts of speculators to get possession by sham settlements, and of some of the settlers to get their land without paying for it at all. These difficulties had reached their height at the time that Mr. Huidekoper took the agency in Meadville. The Holland Land Company had bought, in that part of Pennsylvania, about half a million acres, at a cost, including their expenses, of about four hundred thousand dollars. But the speculators who wished to appropriate the lands contended that the company had not complied with the laws, and persuaded many of the settlers to refuse to take deeds from the company. A gentleman now living in Meadville, who came there in 1808, says that, "previous to Mr. Huidekoper's arrival, a well-concerted plan had been laid through three counties to shoot Judge Addison, the State Judge, blow up the Land Office in Meadville, destroy the office of County Records, and drive off or kill the agents." In brief, our friend arrived when a state of almost open

war existed between such as had paid for their lands and those who wished not to pay for them, and in three or four years he had restored order and quiet without bloodshed. In about 1808 or 1809, according to this same gentleman, a stranger could travel through the country without becoming aware of any ill-feeling having existed against the company. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1805 (*Huidekoper vs. Douglass*), which declared the title of the company complete, tended to restore peace; and by Mr. Huidekoper's exertions in personal conversation and argument with the settlers, they were induced to accept contracts under the company, and the intrusions, so extensive and formidable when he entered on the agency, were reduced in a year or two to a few scattering cases. In all those early troubles, he never met with personal violence, though it was often threatened, and though he was once probably in imminent danger. Twenty years after, he was one day fired at, and his horse wounded. On this occasion he gave an example of that unpretending but imperturbable courage which made him like a rock in resisting all wrongdoers. He was fired at from the woods, and his horse (which carried the ball in its side till its death), immediately ran a considerable distance before it could be checked. Mr. Huidekoper then turned, rode back to the spot, dismounted, picked up his hat which had dropped off, remounted, and rode quietly away.

In the year 1802, two years before he went to Meadville to reside, he took a journey on horseback to that place from Philadelphia, on business. From Greensburg, on the west of the mountains, all was wilderness, interspersed here and there with small villages or solitary stations for the accommodation of travellers. At Pittsburg, which then contained only a handful of houses, he saw two square-rigged vessels, which were built by a Mr. Tarrascon, and one of which actually descended the Ohio and Mississippi, and sailed to France. It is said that the officers of the Douane in the French port, being told that she had come from Pittsburg, and on consulting their maps finding Pittsburg on the west of the Alleghanies, in the middle of the country, suspected a fraud, and refused to admit the vessel until inquiry had been made at Paris of the American Minister as to the possibility of the fact. From Meadville Mr. Huidekoper rode through the Cattaraugus woods to Buffalo, which then contained about eighteen or twenty log-cabins. Thence he went to Niagara Falls, where there was at that time little but the ancient forest, and not a house near, the sublime solitude of which deeply affected his imagination and heart. From thence he rode to Batavia, Canandaigua, Geneva, Trenton, Albany, and New York, and then back to Philadelphia. The whole of this journey of seven or eight hundred miles was taken on horseback, and most of the way alone. He often slept on the floor, with his head on his saddle for a pillow, sometimes among the Indians. The way was often only a horsepath, or the old Indian trail; it was mostly through the woods, where sometimes the mud was up to the saddle-girth. But though alone in the wilderness, he said that he never felt lonely, and was pleasantly occupied in looking about and examining the country.

At Batavia he was taken violently sick, but there was no physician, and he prescribed for himself. In a day or two, though so weak in the morning that he could scarcely mount his horse, he rode thirty-seven

miles, and at night felt quite well again. Such are the experiences in the life of a pioneer.

It was on this journey that he escaped very narrowly a considerable risk. On arriving, toward dark, at Cattaraugus Creek, where he had been told that there was a ford, the water looked so black and deep that he hesitated to enter. Still it seemed that this must be the ford, since the road terminated here. But riding back to examine, he found that the horsepath had turned out of the wagon road about a hundred yards behind, and following this he soon came to the real ford. When he reached the Indian's house on the other side, he learned that the first place he came to had been a ferry, and if he had gone in, he would perhaps have been drowned.

Another adventure, though it happened some years after, we will narrate here. He was one day riding through the woods, alone, in the neighborhood of the Alleghany River, and intended to pass the night with Mr. Brady, a brother of the late General Brady of Detroit. It was a hot day, and the woods were perfectly still. When yet some miles distant from Mr. Brady's he inquired the way, and was told that, a mile farther on, a horsepath leaving the road would take him by a shorter way to the house. On arriving at the spot where this path left the road, he heard a clap of thunder, which decided him to turn into the shorter way. In a little while this path brought him to a clearing, with a house and log-barn in the middle. The sky had already become black, and it was apparent that a storm was at hand. The house appeared shut up and deserted; so he led his horse into the log barn, and was no sooner within it than the storm burst. It proved to be a tornado. Instantly everything was black as night, so that he could not see his hand before him, and there was a roar like that of a thousand pieces of artillery in constant discharge. The rain, driven horizontally through the logs of the barn, wet him instantly to the skin. But in two or three minutes all was over. When he went out he found that the trees had been blown down by hundreds, and on making his way with difficulty back to the road, he could scarcely find a spot where he and his horse could have stood without being struck by a falling tree. So that the clap of thunder which had induced him to turn towards the clearing had probably saved his life, and in this, as always, he recognized the hand of a kind Providence.

When Mr. Huidekoper settled at Meadville, all the groceries, clothing, hardware, etc., for Western Pennsylvania were brought by wagons over the mountains. They were then boated up the Alleghany River, and so up the French Creek (or Venango River). All the stores for the Lakes, for Detroit, Mackinaw, Chicago, etc., were brought the same way. These were carried up the French Creek and Le Boeuf Creek to Waterford, and then by land fifteen miles to Erie. On the other hand, all the salt used in Western Pennsylvania, and on the Ohio River down to Wheeling, was brought from the Onondaga salt-works (Salina, N. Y.) by Lake Erie to Erie, and then by wagons during the winter to Waterford, to the head of the Venango River, down which it was carried in flat-boats at the opening of navigation. By this time it was worth from seven to ten dollars a barrel. During the war it could not be obtained by Lake Erie, and it began to be made on the Conemaugh and Kiskiminitas. The cost of goods brought over the mountains was, of course, very great. The usual freight from Philadelphia to Mead-

ville was in those days twelve cents a pound ; while at present the freight from Boston to Milwaukee is only one twentieth of that amount. Such are the changes which Mr. Huidekoper has witnessed since he settled in Meadville.

In 1806, he built the house in which he ever afterwards lived, and was married the same year to Miss Rebecca Colhoon, of Carlisle, Penn., with whom he lived very happily for upwards of thirty-three years. They had seven children, five of whom were spared to be with him in his last days, and to lay his mortal remains by the side of their mother's. The loss of his two oldest children, one at the age of a year, and the other of about seven years, was a deep trial to his loving heart, and the wound never wholly healed.

We cannot terminate this sketch of the events of Mr. Huidekoper's life better than with the closing paragraphs of the manuscript memoir addressed by him to his children, from which we have before taken one or two extracts : —

"Although this section of Pennsylvania has not progressed in improvements with the same rapidity that some other portions of the United States have done, yet when I look back on what it was when I first knew it, and consider what it is now, the alteration is truly surprising. When I arrived at Meadville, the country was very thinly settled. Industry was at a low ebb. The few roads which had been opened were impracticable for wheel-carriages. On the farms the sled was used even in summer, for the purpose of hauling ; and the settlers, when they visited the village, were most of them clothed in blanket coats, and nearly all of them carried always with them those common appendages of the frontier, — the rifle, the powder-horn, the shot-pouch, and the hunting-knife. Now we live in the midst of a comparatively dense population, and a civilized society ; and it is but seldom that we meet with any of the relics of those former days.

"But it is not the physical aspect of the country and of the inhabitants alone which has been improved. A very marked alteration for the better has taken place in the moral condition of the latter. When I arrived here, and for years afterwards, there was not a single church or house of worship of any kind in any of the four northwest counties, and I believe that there was none west of the Alleghany River. Now there is hardly a hamlet so small that it has not at least one house of worship. The Rev. Mr. Stockton, a minister of the Presbyterian denomination, was then settled at Meadville, on a parochial income which probably did not amount to \$ 150 a year. So far as I recollect, he was the only stated minister in these four counties. The Methodists held occasionally a camp-meeting, but beyond these the community possessed no opportunities for social worship and religious improvement. Now there are numerous ministers of the Gospel of different denominations settled all over this county. Then the common schools were almost exclusively confined to the county towns ; and even there they were generally of the poorest kind. Now there are several schools for every township. Finally, intemperance and dissipation were then the common besetting sins of the community. Instances of them are yet but too often met with ; but they are now only the besetting sins of individuals.

"As to myself, the greatest portion of my life has been spent in the West, and I have been happy amid its simple pleasures. Most of the

information I possess has been acquired at Meadville, by reading and reflection ; and I have become thoroughly convinced that by far the most valuable part of a man's education is that which he gives to himself.

" Few persons have enjoyed life more than I have done. Much of my happiness is no doubt to be attributed to the direction which my principal studies have taken for a number of years past. I have already stated, that, though religion was never a matter of indifference to me, yet that I had not formed distinct opinions as to many of its dogmas. I continued in this situation for a number of years. When, however, I had become a father, and saw the time approaching when I should have to give religious instruction to my children, I felt it to be my duty to give this subject a thorough examination. I accordingly commenced studying the Scriptures, as being the only safe rule of the Christian's faith ; and the result was, that I soon acquired clear and definite views as to all the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But the good I derived from these studies has not been confined to giving me clear ideas as to the Christian doctrines. They created in me a strong and constantly increasing interest in religion itself, not as a mere theory, but as a practical rule of life. The firm conviction that there is a God whose power upholds us, and whose paternal providence constantly guides us, and directs every event that befalls us, has become to me a source of confidence and trust at all times, and of consolation in the hour of trouble. For several years past, I have been in the daily habit of reading some portion of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. I would recommend the same practice to you, my children, for I have ever found it a source of new light, and an incentive to goodness.

" I have now reached the evening of life, and when I look back on the past, I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to God for the manner in which he has constantly ordered my lot and blessed me."

The daily study of the Scriptures, to which Mr. Huidekoper refers, led him to a belief in the unity of God as opposed to the doctrine of the Trinity, and to a rejection of Calvinism and its kindred doctrines. It was his method to take every religious doctrine or opinion which he wished to examine, and carefully to read through the whole New Testament, in order to learn *all* that was taught concerning it. This course enabled him to come to precise and decided views, and he was always able and ready to explain and defend them. In a community where his opinions were wholly new, and where they seemed quite heretical, he was frequently compelled to defend himself from violent, and sometimes rude, attacks. But his self-possession and perfect acquaintance with the subject usually enabled him fully to maintain his position, and often to give his questioner ideas which he never had before.

Thus, it one day happened that a man came into the office on business, and, having finished it, said, " Is it true, Mr. Huidekoper, that you are a Unitarian ? " " Yes, sir. " " But how can you believe so ? Does not Christ say himself, ' All power is given to me in heaven and on earth ? ' Do you not believe that ? " " Yes, sir, I believe it ; but do *you* believe it ? " " Certainly I do. " " What ! do you believe that all power was given to him, — that all the power he possessed was *derived* power ? " " Ah ! " replied the man, " I never looked at it in that way. "

On another occasion, he was rather rudely assailed by a lady, in a

large company, by the remark, "Mr. Huidekoper, if you would only read the first chapter of Hebrews, you could not be a Unitarian." "Very well, madam," said he, "I will read it with pleasure, and read it aloud, too, if you wish." The lady brought him a Bible, and proceeded to point out some texts. "Excuse me," said he, "we will read the whole chapter," — which he accordingly did, and showed as he went on so many places where the Son is said to be "*appointed*," to be "*made* better than angels," to be "*anointed* above his *fellows*," &c., that the impression produced was quite different from that which the lady had anticipated.

In consequence of attacks which were made upon Unitarians, he was led to engage in written controversies in the local journal, and afterwards conducted for some time a periodical called "*The Essayist*," which was not only edited, but nearly all written, by himself. All his articles were thoroughly prepared in his mind, in all their details, before he began to put them on paper. By this process, requiring a mental concentration to which few are equal, his writings became singularly lucid and direct, — qualities in which he was superior to many more practised writers. In consequence of these discussions, many persons in the village became interested in opinions presented to their consideration under such favorable circumstances. A Unitarian society was formed, and after a few years an edifice was erected for worship. It is not often — we know no other instance — that a single person, and he a layman engaged in other pursuits, is able to impart his own convictions and opinions to so many other minds, so as thus to lay the foundation of a congregation.

Mr. Huidekoper had the satisfaction, in the latter years of his life, of seeing a respectable society worshipping in the tasteful building which he loved, and of witnessing also the prosperity of the Theological School in which he was so much interested. But much as he loved the doctrines which he had adopted after so much examination, his religion was far more a matter of the heart than of the intellect. We have never known any one who seemed to live so habitually in the presence of God. His daily prayers, though he often used the same form of words, were never formal, — his manner, full of feeling and veneration, showed how deeply he was moved. Though caring little for poetry, he made an exception in behalf of devotional poetry, — and he always had near him a Hymn-book, Bowring's "*Matins and Vespers*," or the "*Sabbath Recreations*." The form which his piety mostly took was that of gratitude and reliance. His trust in the Divine goodness was like that of a child in its mother; and the involuntary word of thankfulness, or the eyes lifted for a moment, showed his instant recognition of the Source of all good. His cheerful views of this life and of the other, his simple tastes, his enjoyment of nature, his happiness in society, his love for children, his pleasure in doing good, his tender affection for those nearest to him, — these threw a warm light around his last days, made his face like an angel's, and gave his home the aspect of a perpetual Sabbath. A well-balanced activity of faculties contributed still more to his usefulness and happiness. He was always a student, occupying every vacant hour with a book, and so had attained a surprising knowledge of biography and history. We have known those who had just come from the study of some historical events which he had not read about for years, find themselves corrected and in-

structed by his better knowledge. Fond of active exercise, he was every day in the open air. So body and mind, heart and soul, stood in friendly relations and just equipoise. In his home, his genial hospitality and high-bred courtesy gave a charm to every reunion. His cheerful welcome, and earnest "God bless you" at parting, none of his friends will easily forget.

But perhaps his relation to the Sunday school was as striking as any part of his life. His religious convictions, his religious affections, and his love for children, all found satisfaction in this employment. So he was, for years, a constant and faithful teacher in the Sunday schools, both in the town and country, connected with the Unitarian society. Always in his place, always interested and interesting, he continued till the end of life in this work, and was with his class on the Sunday before his death. And how beautiful was the scene on each 4th of July, when he assembled all these schools upon the lawn before his house, and, with his face beaming with delight, addressed the children before sending them to their play. On these occasions he had amusements provided for all ages, and refreshments for children and parents, and during the long and happy day no one was happier than he. Generally selecting the smallest child for his companion, he would walk among the groups, and wherever he passed, the children, knowing their friend, left their play to run to him for sympathy.

Thus the good old man lived, — happy in life, happy in an opportune death. With his children and grandchildren around him, with ample means of usefulness, his life grew deeper and richer as it approached its close, as the sinking sun gathers around itself new glories and splendors at every moment. He was called away at last, when his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. In full possession of all his faculties, with no slow gradations of decay, the silver cord was loosed, and the vital thread softly disengaged. A few days before his departure, in the last conversation we had with him, as we walked to and fro on his piazza, he spoke of the other life and of his joyful convictions concerning it. Presently he went to *know* and to *be* what we then thought of and spoke of only. After a happy day, he retired early, in his usual health. In about an hour his children were called to his side, and in another hour the spirit, well taught by life's experiences, had taken a step onward, and passed within the veil.

One who was present at the funeral wrote thus after it was over : —

" 'The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.'

"The services this afternoon have been very pleasant. It had been raining from yesterday afternoon till late this morning. Then the sun struggled through the heavy masses of cloud and gradually cleared its way, until by the time of the services (at four o'clock) all was bright and cheerful. In our hearts, too, there came a pleasant feeling that we were not met to say farewell to our father, but only to bury our dead. Mr. Folsom read the Scriptures, and one at such an hour thirsts for the word of God. Then we sang the hymn,

'My God! I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe.'

Mr. Hosmer made an address which helped to lift us into an atmosphere

of clearer light, and away from the thought of our bereavement. Mr. Stebbins made a prayer, good, and from a deep place. Then we sang a hymn, and went to the family cemetery beyond the orchard. The sun shone through the fresh spring foliage, and the trees which he had planted. As we turned into the grove of evergreens we felt that we were not going to bury his love. Mr. Hosmer stood by the open grave, and said, with a clear voice, 'Let not your hearts be troubled,'—adding other words of strength and hope. The sun, so near its setting, bathed all nature in its warm radiance, a symbol of the evening of our father's life."

"Farewell, good man! good angel now!" Since we have known thy goodness, we have to thank thee for a deeper conviction of the reality of human virtue. Thy fulness of spiritual life has given us a more certain faith in immortality. Thy cheerful confidence in the good God has led our hearts nearer to Christ and to the Father.

DANIEL WELLS. — Hon. Daniel Wells, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, died at Cambridge, Mass., June 23, 1854, aged sixty-three years.

Judge Wells, a native of Greenfield, was educated at Dartmouth College, and received honorable testimonials on leaving that seat of learning in the class of 1810. Only three years after, he commenced the practice of law in Greenfield; and from 1813 to 1844 was well known throughout the Western District of Massachusetts as a studious lawyer, a faithful advocate, a conscientious counsellor, a public-spirited citizen, an unpretending philanthropist, a fearlessly upright man. He was devoted heart and soul to his profession; he turned aside from it to nothing else; to it he gave cheerfully the strength of his mind, the maturity as well as the youth of his powers, all the work-time of his industrious life. He appeared more concerned to do right in it than to win praise, more anxious to be faithful to every trust than to earn preferment, more resolved to befriend the injured and save the tempted than to secure emolument.

After having served as County Attorney for several years, and honorably filled all the legislative offices he was willing to accept, in the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives, on the decease of Chief Justice Williams he was appointed his successor; in a post which he has occupied, with what honor the numerous testimonials of the Bar declare, for ten years. He died, it may be said, upon the Bench. He was presiding over the Municipal Court in Boston, on Thursday afternoon, when he was seized with the attack which proved fatal the following evening. Immediately upon his decease the Suffolk Bar, on motion of Hon. George S. Hillard, passed most respectful and sympathizing resolutions, as a tribute to his public and private life.

From the public position testified to by such sufficient witnesses in other parts of the State as well as in Boston, we rejoice to turn to the more private walks, where it was our privilege to know by heart his rare qualities as a friend, a benefactor, and a father.

Christianity in him was not a profession so much as a practice, — not a theory, but a life. It began with him in his morning devotions; it rested as a benediction on one of the happiest households we have ever known; it went out with him to counsel the friendless, encourage the depressed, and befriend the poor; it characterized his professional efforts, which were always penetrated by a fervent humanity, and were just as

strenuously put forth for the poorest client as for those who might adequately reward the care he bestowed on every case; it led him constantly to the house of God, where as a Sunday-School teacher he blessed the lambs of his fold, as a lowly brother, broke the bread of a common hope, as an enlightened, but not an innovating Christian, upheld the village sanctuary by an arm that never wearied and a zeal that never chilled.

Benevolence, conscientiousness, piety, told the story of his private life. In all his crowded cares, in the pressure of official duties as a District Attorney, his ear was ever open to the cry of distress: he gave away more than money, though he did not withhold that, he gave freely his invaluable counsel and professional assistance. On the Sunday, when those who had labored for him at Greenfield, or had been helped by him to a little homestead, or had been generously aided through some perplexing suit, heard that their protector was gone, many a hard-featured Irishman could not speak for tears, and the one voice was, "We shall never have such a friend again." It was the same in the Municipal Court: he reviewed every criminal's case at leisure, sought earnestly for extenuating circumstances, and gave his decision with a view as far as possible to the fallen one's recovery. In his family he often expressed this anxiety, and no more humane judge ever presided over our courts. It was part of his character to be deeply interested in the reforms of the day; one of the earliest observers of Total Abstinence from wine as well as coarser drinks, a disciple of the Prince of Peace, a fearless friend of freedom, declaring the Fugitive Slave Law to be unconstitutional, his large experience in the execution of the Criminal Law made *this* subject one of engrossing interest during his latter years. But his benevolence was unalloyed, systematic, far-reaching. No word of unkindness escaped his lips; no embittered spirit was betrayed, even under unjust censure. Remarkably frank as he was in intercourse, he was generosity itself to the characters of those who differed from him.

His integrity was his crown before the world. However some may have been offended at decisions which went against themselves or pleadings which bore hard upon their own interests, through the coldness of friends or the bitterness of enemies, he vindicated his purity of purpose. It made him appear indifferent to public opinion, it prompted him to sacrifice personal advantage, it helped him to overcome natural shrinking, it never permitted his concealment of an obnoxious opinion, or sought for himself any undeserved credit. And it will be long remembered of him, that, through whatever of imperfection and error belonged to his humanity, his purpose was equal justice to all, his conscience clear as the noonday sun, his reverence for right only equalled by his breadth of sympathy.

His religious character was deeply interesting, because so unostentatious and so uniform. Christianity had been to him a matter of profound thought and independent inquiry: the views which he had professed, while they were a public reproach and upheld at no little cost, were not those he had lisped at a mother's knee and imbedded among the indelible impressions of childhood. They came to him by reflection, were confirmed by study, maintained with earnestness, and exhibited in a thoroughly consistent life. The subjects of pulpit discussion seemed always interesting and familiar to him, they rose readily to his lips, and always evinced progress of opinion, generosity of sentiment, and depth of feeling. While exposed to some opprobrium, as, next to Dr.

Willard, the earliest Unitarian in his own neighborhood, he never uttered disparaging opinions of other sects. While holding fast to views which he had thought out for himself, he welcomed all light from every quarter, guarded the freedom of others as sacredly as his own, and encouraged the young continually to truth of thought as well as truth of life.

In his native town, whose growth he so much promoted by his public spirit, he will be remembered, not so much by his unremitting devotion to his profession as by his singularly exemplary character,—as one whom all classes admired for consistency of profession and practice,—one who never swerved a hair for interest, nor compromised a principle, cost what it would, nor feared to front public sentiment with unpopular truth, nor doubted of the progress of truth and humanity. And this was his power, the power of principle, of devotion to duty, of a single eye to the right.

Happy as he had been in his life, he was more happy in his death. Though he had had some presentiment of a sudden decease, his health continued generally good until the day before he breathed his last, when an attack of congestion of the lungs obliged him to adjourn the court in Boston and return to his home in Cambridge. During the night, his illness increasing, he desired to see his children, and remarked that if another attack occurred he should not live more than four days. On Friday afternoon he was suddenly taken speechless, and before the physician arrived was beyond his help, having passed away without grieving his family by any prolonged pain. Had he been called to spend months in dying, he could not have been more ready for the last stroke. For himself he would not have craved another day of preparation, much as he might have desired it for his family; he would not have asked for time to pray, because he had always found that; he would not have needed to free his heart from worldly ambition or embittered feeling or cankering care; for they had found no lodgement there. God's face as it came near could not have looked upon him with terror, for though a holy countenance, it was a loving one too, which his soul knew well; and in the lowliness of a child and the trust of a child he was waiting to be called on to his rest and his reward.